

EDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,596



JUNE 30, 1900

THE GRAPHIC.

AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



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PRICE NINEPENCE

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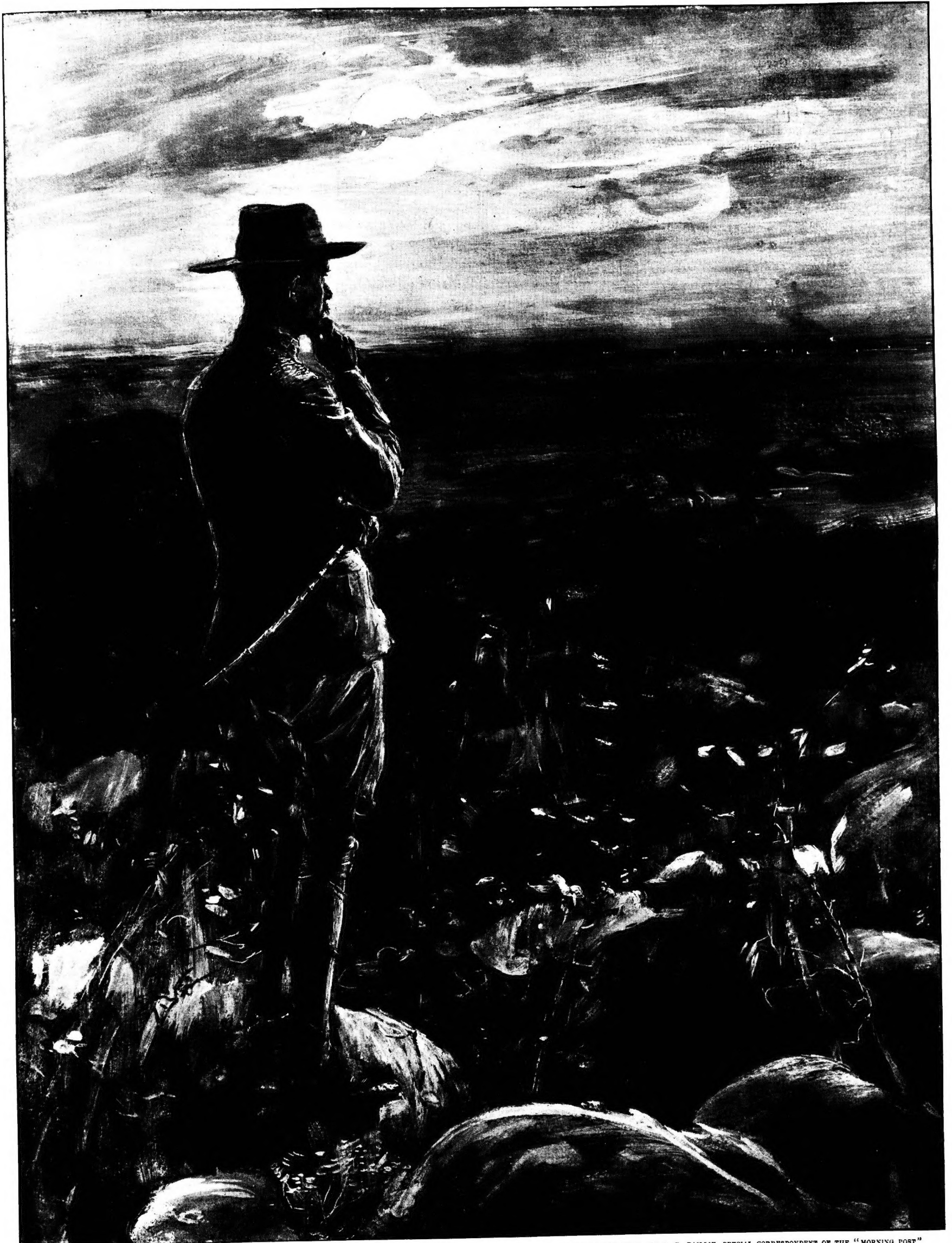
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SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1900

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DRAWN BY W. HATHERELL, R.I.

"The Wolf who never sleeps," is the name by which the Kaffirs know Lieut.-General Baden-Powell, and certainly the Boers never caught him napping. Supervising everything in the beleaguered town, and finding time to encourage and cheer his men, he yet seemed to spend his life on the look-out; and no

FROM MATERIALS SUPPLIED BY MAJOR F. D. BAILLIE, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE "MORNING POST"

plan of attack made by the Boers ever took him by surprise. At night he was to be seen wandering on the veldt gazing into the enemy's camp, and gaining thereby a knowledge of their movements

"B.-P.'S" VIGIL: A LAST LOOK ROUND AT NIGHT IN MAFEKING

Topics of the Week

The
Yellow
Peril

LITTLE by little the true nature of the Chinese crisis is beginning to dawn on the strangely absent-minded nations of the West. That we are at last confronted by the long-prophesied uprising of the Yellow Man, in his hundreds of

millions, is obviously not a fact; but that a very serious attempt is being made to bring about this peril, and that the attempt has been long in contemplation and preparation, seems beyond dispute. Mr. Holt Hallett, in a letter to the *Times* last week, quoted an edict of the Tsung-li-Yamen to prove that the present trouble was no mere accident but the result of instructions deliberately issued by the Chinese Government. A writer in the July *Fortnightly Review* carries the case against the Dowager-Empress and her reactionary advisers a good many steps further, and shows that there has been a regular conspiracy against the "Foreign Devils" ever since the *coup d'état* of 1898. In face of the evidence there quoted it is impossible to doubt that the assumption of power by the Dowager-Empress was not merely to put an end to the reforming policy of her nephew, but to organise the resources of the Empire with a view to establishing once for all the position of China among the Great Powers. The armaments which followed the *coup d'état*, and of which, hitherto, we have heard little, the arrogant and inflammatory decrees issued by the Empress and the Tsung-li-Yamen, and finally the "Boxer" movement, with its transparent official promptings, leave no doubt on this point. The wonder is that the development of the conspiracy attracted so little notice outside the columns of the Treaty Port newspapers. One would have thought that the large commercial interests acquired by the Powers in China during the last few years would have rendered them peculiarly sensitive to even the most carefully hidden signs of a movement which was so clearly calculated to imperil all their enterprises and the lives of the many men employed in prosecuting them. It is true that the very madness of the idea seemed to stamp it as improbable. On the other hand, the evidence of its existence was solid enough, not merely in the shape of manifestoes of secret societies, but in memorials and edicts of responsible princes and statesmen. Even now we scarcely know the real proportions of the danger we have to meet. For the moment the conflict is confined to a very small area of the Empire, but the Powers have been taken by surprise, and it is not easy for them to bring their strength to bear quickly and effectively. How a temporary success of the Reactionaries may affect the rest of the Empire no one can tell. There must be few Chinamen who do not bear a bitter grudge against the European for the humiliations to which their country has been subjected for years past, and if they see a chance of getting even with him they will probably not scruple to avail themselves of it. Against this danger every effort must be directed.

The Settlement of South Africa THE public mind is gradually grasping the idea that if there is to be permanent peace in South Africa the British-born population must be very largely increased. Among the most popular South Africa proposals for securing this increase is the suggestion that the soldiers who are on service in South Africa should be invited to settle in the country, upon the Government undertaking to bring out their families to them or to assist them with capital. The idea is excellent, and probably the only objection will come from the Treasury, which nearly always objects to any expenditure that has not behind it an unbroken tradition of official red tape. In this case, however, it seems likely that even the Treasury officials will realise that settlers are cheaper than soldiers, and that it is better to spend 10,000,000*l.* to-day in helping time-expired soldiers to turn their swords into ploughshares, than to spend 100,000,000*l.* twenty years hence in sending a new generation of British soldiers to shoot down a new generation of Boer rebels. The mere expenditure of money will not, however, solve the problem. It is necessary to consider most carefully in what districts and on what conditions Government settlements should be encouraged, and the settlers themselves will have to be selected with considerable care. Farming is the industry on which most thoughts are at present concentrated, but it is certain that there will also be a demand for skilled labour in many other industries. On military grounds, if on none other, the railway system of South Africa must be very greatly extended, and there is certain to be a demand for railway employés and for skilled mechanics in the repairing shops. There is also talk of the establishment of a Government Arsenal in South Africa for the manufacture of small arms and ammunition. This is an idea which has often been urged from the point of view of the general defence of the Empire, for occasions might easily arise when serious inconvenience would be caused by the necessity of sending to Woolwich for rifles and cartridges. Finally, there are very considerable mineral resources in South Africa which as yet are quite undeveloped, so that it is not farmers only who will be wanted when the country begins to settle down.

The
Dominion
of
Australia

AMONG Mr. Chamberlain's many diplomatic achievements, none, we surmise, ranks higher in his own mind than the ready acceptance by the Australian Colonies of the amended Commonwealth Bill. At one time it looked as if the difficulties would prove insurmountable, and that would certainly have come to pass had the negotiations been in less patient hands. Happily, the Colonial Secretary, feeling convinced that there must be some way out of the tangle, never lost heart, but sought for alternatives for the "no surrender" attitude taken up by hotheads on both sides. Now that the controversy is at an end, it is easy to say that with such hearty good-will between the Mother Country and her lusty offspring, even diplomatic bungling could not have long hindered the gratification of a desire in which both participated so far as fundamental principle went. But even the closest friends sometimes quarrel seriously over what appear, to other people, as trivialities, and it is to Mr. Chamberlain's credit that, thanks to his adroitness, the wrangling never acquired a grave character. Australia has thus reached at last the same political status as Canada obtained when her several divisions agreed to unite in a federation. Such marked benefits have resulted to the Dominion from that unification of resources that Newfoundland, which stood aloof, is now anxious to join, and it seems a safe prophecy that within a very few years New Zealand will similarly throw in her lot with the Dominion of the Southern Cross, and thus smooth the way for that grandest of all schemes, the Federation of the British Empire.

The
Presidential
Election.

THE unexpected has so frequently occurred at elections of American Presidents that it would be most unsafe as yet to predict victory for either Mr. McKinley or Mr. Bryan. All that can be said at present is that the Republican candidate has scored two important points by being unanimously adopted at the Philadelphia Convention, and by inducing Colonel Roosevelt, much against his own inclination, to accept nomination for the Vice-Presidency. There is no more popular man in the United States than the gallant colonel; he has been called, not without reason, the "American Baden-Powell," and had he cared to run for the Presidency Mr. McKinley might have judged it expedient to retire. Mr. Bryan has not been able to buttress his candidature to nearly the same extent; Admiral Dewey has been more of a hindrance than a help to the Democratic wirepullers. What they chiefly count upon to bring over recruits from the other camp is the antipathy of many Republicans to the Imperialism with which Mr. McKinley has become associated, *malgré lui*. This feeling of preference for the old edition of Monroeism to the new edition called "Expansionism" unquestionably prevails to a considerable extent in the Republican Party. But, on the other hand, there are probably as many Democrats to whom Mr. Bryan's anti-Imperialism is eminently distasteful. So far as that goes, therefore, the chances are fairly balanced, but it counts greatly in Mr. McKinley's favour that during his term of office his country has made enormous strides both in material prosperity and in international authority.

Our
"Marching
Regiments"

AMONG the doubts expressed by military officers on the eve of the South African Campaign was whether the British infantry would equal its old renown for splendid marching. Happily, there is no farther question on that point; whenever occasion has arisen for forced marching our foot soldiers have acquitted themselves in a manner which would have elicited praise from the Iron Duke himself. Lord Roberts singled out the other day some of these performances for special mention. But it should not be supposed that these were isolated cases. Officers lately returned from the scene of war unite in bearing testimony that our "marching regiments," as they used to be styled, are second to no troops in the world for self-locomotion. With so many young men in the ranks, it would not have been much matter for surprise had some falling off from the old Peninsular and Indian standards come into evidence. That was the point on which pessimist predictions were chiefly based; no one doubted that the pluck of the younger soldiers would be equal to that of their seniors, but it seemed hardly possible that their physical powers of endurance would stand the strain of long, quick marches, continued for many days in succession. It is no slight gain, then, from the campaign, to have it conclusively demonstrated that our "boy soldiers" can stand this exhausting fatigue when once their feet become hardened and their bodies are rid of superfluous tissue by hard exercise. During peace times those essentials of military training, whether at home or abroad, are wont to be too much neglected. Route marching requires to be much more systematically practised than is the case at present, and should be carried on, weather permitting, throughout the year, at least twice in every week.

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S GRAPHIC are as follows:—To any part of the United Kingdom, 4*d.* per copy irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be 1*d.* FOR EVERY 2 OZ. Care should, therefore, be taken to correctly WEIGH AND STAMP all copies so forwarded.

Club Comments

By "MARMADUKE"

THE developments of the so-called "Boxer" movement being watched with undisguised anxiety by the statesmen of a civilised State. It is impossible to foresee the critical situation which might be produced at any moment in that country, and generally felt that the House cannot be allowed to separate until main elements of danger have been removed. Moreover, there is reason to believe that the war in South Africa will be brought to a close in a week or two from this, and the Government may find it advisable to submit to the House the policy which is to be pursued in the immediate future.

The majority of members dislike being kept in London after commencement of August, but on this occasion few would mind having to remain. Many of them have relatives and friends at the front for whose return they are anxiously waiting, while others are disinclined to leave the centre to which all the London news gravitates until the situation in China has become less critical. Besides, money is scarce, and there are many members who would clutch at any excuse for remaining in London now, hoping, as they do, that so soon as the Boer States are conquered the share market will bound up like balloons released from their moorings. It remains to be seen whether those expectations will be fulfilled.

Within the past half-century the centre of gravity of wealth has changed. Formerly the great territorial magnates divided among themselves the big fortunes, and to these were added a few celebrities of the worlds of finance and industry. That is no longer the case. The majority of the territorial magnates are comparatively poor, whilst the immense fortunes amassed in a few years by what may be described as speculative gamblers put to the blush the financiers and manufacturers of the old school. There is more money now than there ever was; there are more who have millions and there are more who have thousands, but it is no longer the titled families that have the wealth. The historians will one day tell how this change in the centre of gravity has affected the nation.

The diplomatic service will suffer severely through the loss of Sir Henry Drummond Wolff and Sir Horace Rumbold, both of whom retire this year. Sir Henry Wolff, who is our Ambassador at Madrid, is an especially astute diplomatist, a politician who has been continually behind the scenes on important occasions, a man of the world trained from his earliest days in the most interesting society, and a particularly brilliant conversationalist. Sir Horace Rumbold, the British Ambassador at Vienna, is the most able man in the service.

There is both reason to believe and to hope that Sir Francis Plunkett will be appointed to replace Sir Horace at Vienna. There is some cause for thinking that Sir Mortimer Durand, at present British Minister at Teheran, will be promoted to the Embassy at Madrid in succession to Sir Henry Wolff.

Hertford House has at last been opened, and the nation possesses a collection which, in its own line, has no equal. It was said when Lady Wallace died, and before it was known it was her wish that the collection should pass to the nation, that a celebrated art dealer had valued the contents of Hertford House at seven millions of money. How accurate that estimate was must be more or less a matter of opinion. It is not generally known that there are two Hertford Houses in London. The first of these to be built was in Piccadilly. For many years it belonged to the late Sir Julian Goldsmid, who died there, and it is now the Isthmian Club. Lord Hertford quarrelled with the authorities of his day, who complained that his building trespassed on public property, and he refused to live in the house. But for that regrettable event the enlarged Hertford House with its numerous art treasures might have stood in the centre of Piccadilly.

Many years ago it was generally said that the late Mr. Gladstone was prepared to take the Earldom to which he had become entitled by precedent, but that he insisted upon becoming Earl of Liverpool, a proposal which was opposed by the Jenkinson family. At the death of the late Premier it was expected that the Queen would confer an Earldom either on Mrs. Gladstone or some member of the family. That was not done, and there is reason to believe that the late Mrs. Gladstone was not inclined to a change of name, and that during her lifetime it would not have become for one of the family to assume the title. As Mrs. Gladstone is now dead the conditions are changed, and it may be that the young master of Hawarden may be raised to the peerage unless he wishes to retain the name which his grandfather has made historical.

"THE DAILY GRAPHIC"

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PART II.

WITH "BOBS" TO PRETORIA,

From Photographs and Sketches by the numerous Artists and Photographers on the Staff.

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MILFORD LANE, STRAND.

LONDON AND NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY.

PRINCIPAL TRAIN ALTERATIONS FOR JULY, 1900.

NORTH WALES COAST.

The 8.45 a.m., London (Euston) to North Wales, will cease to run beyond Stafford.

A New Express Train will leave London (Euston) at 9.30 a.m. for Rhyl, Abergeldie and Painsan, Colwyn Bay, Llandudno, Bangor, and other North Wales Coast Stations.

The 11.0 a.m. Irish Boat Express from London (Euston) to Holyhead will cease to convey Passengers for Rhyl, Colwyn Bay, Llandudno, and other North Wales Coast Stations.

A New Express Train will leave London (Euston) at 11.15 a.m. for Chester, Rhyl, Colwyn Bay, Llandudno, Bangor, and other North Wales Coast Stations.

ABERYSTWYTH AND BARMOUTH.

A New Express Train will leave London (Euston) at 9.30 a.m. for Shrewsbury, Welshpool, and the Cambrian Line, and will be due to arrive Aberystwyth 4.20 p.m., and Barmouth 4.35 p.m.

The 10.15 a.m. Express Train from London (Euston) will cease to convey Passengers for Shrewsbury and the Cambrian Line.

A New Express Train will leave London (Euston) at 11.0 a.m. for Shrewsbury and the Cambrian Line, and will be due to arrive Shrewsbury 2.37 p.m., Welshpool 2.20 p.m., Aberystwyth 5.30 p.m., and Barmouth 5.55 p.m.

A New Express Train will leave London (Euston) at 2.35 p.m. for Shrewsbury and the Cambrian Line.

LLANDRINDOD WELLS AND OTHER CENTRAL WALES WATERING PLACES.

A New Express Train will leave London (Euston) at 11.0 a.m. for Llandrindod Wells, Builth Road, Llangamarch Wells, Llanwrtyd Wells, and Llandovery, and will be due to arrive Llandrindod Wells 4.15 p.m., and Llandovery 5.30 p.m. The 10.15 a.m. Express Train from London (Euston) will cease to convey Passengers for those places.

BLACKPOOL, MORECAMBE, AND THE ENGLISH LAKES.

The 10.25 a.m. Express from London (Euston) will be due to reach Blackpool at 4.7 p.m., Morecambe at 3.49 p.m., and Windermere at 4.40 p.m.

A New Express Train will leave London (Euston) at 11.30 a.m., and Willissen 11.42 a.m., for Furness Line, Windermere, Penrith, and Keswick, and will arrive Windermere 5.15 p.m., Penrith 5.35 p.m., and Keswick 6.33 p.m.

A New Train will leave London (Euston) at 2.35 p.m., for Warrington, Preston, Lancaster, and Windermere. The 2.15 p.m. from London (Euston) will cease to convey Passengers for those places.

LONDON AND BIRMINGHAM.

The 2.35 p.m. Express Train, London (Euston) to Birmingham (New Street), will cease to call at Willissen and call at Rugby instead, arriving Birmingham 4.50 p.m. as now.

Numerous other alterations will be made in the Train Service throughout the Line. For full particulars, see the Company's Time Books, Bills, and other Notices.

Euston Station, June, 1900. FRED. HARRISON, General Manager.

LONDON AND NORTH WESTERN AND CALEDONIAN RAILWAYS.

WEST COAST MAIL ROUTE.

PRINCIPAL TRAIN ARRANGEMENTS FOR JULY, AUGUST, AND SEPTEMBER, 1900.

10.0 a.m. DAY EXPRESS, LONDON (EUSTON) TO SCOTLAND, with Luncheon and Refreshment Cars for Edinburgh and Glasgow in communication with the other carriages, will convey passengers for Carlisle, Edinburgh (Princes Street), Glasgow (Central), Greenock, Gourock, and Wemyss Bay, and other watering places on the Firth of Clyde, and during September for Stirling, Callander, Crieff, Perth, Blair Atholl, Dundee, and Aberdeen. Luncheon, Tea, and other Refreshments will be served in the Train. During July and August this Train will not call at Willissen.

10.5 a.m. DAY EXPRESS, LONDON (EUSTON) TO PERTH AND ABERDEEN.—During July and August a new Express, with Luncheon and Refreshment Cars in communication with the other carriages, will leave London (Euston) at 10.5 a.m. for Stirling, Callander, Crieff, Perth, Blair Atholl, Dundee, and Aberdeen. Luncheon, Tea, and other Refreshments will be served in the Train.

NEW DAY EXPRESS, EUSTON TO INVERNESS.—From July 17 to August 18, inclusive, the 10.5 a.m. Train from London (Euston) will have a connection to Kingussie and Inverness, arriving Kingussie 10.13 p.m. and Inverness 11.30 p.m.

11.30 a.m. EXPRESS, LONDON (EUSTON) TO EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW.—A new Express, with Luncheon and Refreshment Cars in communication with the other carriages, will leave London (Euston) at 11.30 a.m. and Willissen at 11.42 a.m., arriving at Edinburgh (Princes Street) at 7.55 p.m., and Glasgow (Central) at 7.55 p.m.

2.0 p.m. EXPRESS, LONDON (EUSTON) TO SCOTLAND.—The 2.0 p.m. Express, with Refreshment and Dining Cars in communication with the other carriages, conveys Passengers for Edinburgh (Princes Street), Glasgow (Central), Greenock, Gourock, Dumbarton, Balloch, Larbert, Stirling, Dunblane, Callander, Oban, Perth, Dundee, Forfar, Aberdeen, Inverness, and the Great North of Scotland and Highland Lines, and is due to arrive Glasgow (Central) at 10.30 p.m., and Edinburgh (Princes Street) at 10.30 p.m.

An Express Train, with Refreshment and Dining Car, for Glasgow, leaves Liverpool (Lime Street) at 5.45 p.m. An Express Train leaves Manchester (Exchange) at 5.45 p.m. to join the Liverpool Train at Preston, and the united Train is due to arrive Edinburgh (Princes Street) 10.55 p.m., and Glasgow (Central) at 11.5 p.m.

HORSE AND CARRIAGE TRAIN, EUSTON TO SCOTLAND.—A Special Train will leave Euston (Saturdays and Sundays, and Friday, August 3, excepted) at 6.20 p.m., and will run until Friday, August 10, for the conveyance of Horses, Carriages, and Dogs to all parts of Scotland.

7.45 p.m. HIGHLAND EXPRESS, LONDON (EUSTON) TO PERTH.—A New Sleeping Saloon Express (Saturdays and Sundays excepted) will leave London (Euston) at 7.45 p.m. from Friday, July 13, until Friday, August 31, inclusive, for Perth and the Highland Line, and will arrive Perth at 4.45 a.m. and Inverness at 9.10 a.m. From July 24 to August 11, inclusive, the arrival at Inverness will be 8.35 a.m.

8.0 p.m. EXPRESS FROM LONDON (EUSTON) will run each night, including Sunday, but except Saturday nights, and will convey Passengers for Stirling, Callander, Oban, Fort William, Crieff, Comrie, Perth, Forfar, Arbroath, Brechin, Montrose, Aberdeen, Inverness, and the Great North of Scotland Line, and will be due to arrive Perth 5.20 a.m., and Aberdeen 7.15 a.m. On Sunday nights it will also convey Passengers for Stranraer. Passengers from London (Euston) for the Highland Line will not be conveyed by this Train during the time the 7.45 p.m. Highland Express from London (Euston) runs.

8.10 p.m. LONDON (EUSTON) TO STRANRAER.—A New Sleeping Saloon Express for Stranraer will leave Euston at 8.10 p.m. (Saturday and Sunday nights excepted).

11.30 a.m. GLASGOW (CENTRAL) and 11.35 a.m. EDINBURGH (PRINCES STREET) TO LONDON (EUSTON).—A New Express, consisting of Luncheon and Refreshment Cars in communication with the other carriages, will leave Glasgow (Central) at 11.30 a.m., and Edinburgh (Princes Street) at 11.35 a.m., and will be due to arrive London (Euston) at 8.0 p.m.

NEW DAY EXPRESS, INVERNESS TO LONDON.—A New Day Express will leave Inverness at 8.50 a.m. from July 17 to August 18, inclusive, arriving Perth 12 noon, and connecting there with the 12.15 p.m. Corridor and Dining Saloon Express from Perth, due to arrive London (Euston) 10.45 p.m.

The other Scotch Trains (in some cases at slightly altered times) will run as at present. For full particulars see the London and North Western and Caledonian Companies' Time Tables.

FRED. HARRISON, General Manager, L. and N.W. Railway. June, 1900. W. PATRICK, General Manager, Caledonian Railway.

SUMMER TOURS IN SCOTLAND.—THE ROYAL ROUTE.

COLUMBA, IONA, &c., SAIL DAILY, MAY TILL OCTOBER.

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ORIENT COMPANY'S PLEASURE CRUISES

by their Steam-ship CUCU O, 3,918 tons register, 4,000 horse-power. Leaving LONDON 3rd July, arriving back 4th August. The following places will be visited:—BERGEN, GUDVANGEN, BALHOLMEN, NAES (for ROMSDAL VALLEY), MOLDE, TRONDHJEM, TROMSO, HAMMERFEST, NORTH CAPE, SPITZBERGEN, REYKJAVIK (ICELAND), and THORSHAVEN (FAROE ISLANDS). High-class cuisine, string band, &c.

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NORTH OF SCOTLAND AND ORKNEY AND SHETLAND STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY'S SUMMER CRUISES.

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St. Magnus Hotel, Hillswick, Shetland, to be opened in June under the Company's management. Comfortable quarters and excellent cuisine. Grand rock scenery and good Loch and Sea fishing in neighbourhood.

Full particulars from Aberdeen Steam Navigation Company, 102, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.; Wordie and Co., 49, West Nile Street, Glasgow; George Houston, 64, Constitution Street, Leith. Charles Merrylees, Manager, Aberdeen.

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

SUMMER TRAIN ARRANGEMENTS FROM JULY 1, 1900.

WEEK DAYS.

DINING ARRANGEMENTS TO

SCOTLAND, LEEDS, BRADFORD, NOTTINGHAM, SHEFFIELD MANCHESTER, &c.

Corridor Dining Car Express Trains (First and Third Class) will leave King's Cross at 11.20 a.m. for Edinburgh, Glasgow, Perth, Dundee, Aberdeen, &c., and at 2.30 p.m. for Edinburgh.

First and Third Class Corridor Dining Car Express Trains will leave Edinburgh at 12.20 noon, and 2.20 p.m. for London (King's Cross). First and Third Class Dining Car Express Trains leave King's Cross at 9.45 a.m. and 5.45 p.m. for Leeds (Central), and 10.45 a.m. and 5.30 p.m. for London (King's Cross).

Commencing on August 1 Luncheon and Dining Car accommodation will be provided on the East Coast Day Expresses between London and Scotland, leaving King's Cross and Edinburgh respectively at 10 o'clock.

Additional Dining Car Express Trains (First and Third Class) will leave King's Cross at 6.15 p.m. for Wakefield and Bradford, and Bradford (Exchange) at 1.0 a.m. for London (King's Cross). First and Third Class Dining Cars will be attached to the express trains leaving King's Cross at 10.25 a.m. and 5.30 p.m. for Nottingham (Victoria), Sheffield (Victoria), and Manchester (Central), and to the express trains leaving Manchester (Central) at 8.45 a.m. and 5.20 p.m. for Sheffield, Nottingham, and London (King's Cross).

HIGHLAND SLEEPING CAR EXPRESS

An additional Sleeping Car Express will, from July 23 to August 10 (Saturdays excepted) leave King's Cross at 7.45 p.m. for Edinburgh, Perth, Inverness, &c.

NORWAY VIA HULL.

A Special Boat Express, with THIRD CLASS LUNCHEON CAR attached leaves King's Cross at 10.55 a.m. for Hull (N.E.), on Tuesdays, Thursdays Fridays and Saturdays until August 18.

EAST COAST WATERING-PLACES AND NORFOLK BROADS.

A Special Express will leave King's Cross at 11.30 a.m. for Scarborough, Whitby, Filey and Bridlington.

Special Express Trains will leave King's Cross at 10.15 a.m. and 1.10 p.m. for Sheringham, West Runton, Cromer and Mundesley-on-Sea. The Ordinary Express Service between London and Sheringham and Cromer has been improved and accelerated.

HARROGATE AND ILKLEY.

A through train for Harrogate leaves King's Cross at 1.30 p.m., and Harrogate at 9.30 a.m. for London (King's Cross). Through carriages for Harrogate are also attached to the 10.25 a.m. train from King's Cross.

NOTTINGHAM, SHEFFIELD, AND MANCHESTER.

The trains now leaving Manchester (Central) at 10.0 a.m., 2.0 p.m., and 5.0 p.m., will leave at 8.45 a.m., 3.0 p.m., and 5.20 p.m. respectively, and arrive at King's Cross at 1.30 p.m., 7.50 p.m., and 10.5 p.m.

An improved and accelerated service will be in operation between London (King's Cross) and Nottingham (Victoria), Ilkeston and Derby (Friargate).

WEST RIDING OF YORKSHIRE.

Additional Express Trains will leave King's Cross at 6.15 p.m. for Grantham, Lincoln, Wakefield, Bradford, Huddersfield, &c., and Bradford at 10.0 a.m. for London (King's Cross). These trains will have Dining Cars (First and Third Class) attached between London (King's Cross) and Bradford (Exchange).

The 5.15 a.m. Express from King's Cross will be accelerated to arrive in Edinburgh at 3.5 p.m.

SUNDAYS.

Dining Cars are attached to the trains leaving King's Cross at 12.15 noon and 5.0 p.m. for Wakefield and Leeds, and to the trains leaving Leeds (Central) at 1.15 noon and 5.25 p.m. for London (King's Cross). The 11.30 a.m. Express from King's Cross for Cambridge, Nottingham, Sheffield, Manchester, &c., will be accelerated, and will leave at 11.45 a.m. This train will convey passengers for York and Stations north thereof.

The 12 noon Express from King's Cross for Leeds, Bradford, &c., will leave at 12.15, and will cease to convey passengers for York and stations north thereof.

The 8.15 p.m. Sleeping Car Express for Scotland will run on Sundays as well as week-days (Saturdays excepted).

Numerous other alterations will be made in the train service throughout the line. For full particulars see the Company's Time Books, Bills, and other notices.

Holiday Leaflets, List of Farmhouse and Country Lodgings (price 1d., by post 2d.), Illustrated Guide to Scotland (by post 1d.), and Programme of Tourist and Week-End Tickets (gratis) may be obtained from the Superintendent of the Line, King's Cross Station, London. CHARLES STEEL, General Manager.

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EVERY EVENING, at 8 (except June 30). Dr. Primrose..... Henry Irving. Olivia..... Miss Ellen Terry.

MATINEE OF OLIVIA, Saturday, June 30, at 2. SPECIAL PERFORMANCE, WATERLOO AND THE BELLS. Saturday Evening, June 30. Box Office (Mr. H. Scarisbrick) open 10 to 10.

HAYMARKET.—EVERY EVENING, at 8. THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.0, and WEDNESDAY, July 4.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—MR. TREE. EVERY EVENING, at 8.30, a New Version of the Romantic Play. RIP VAN WINKLE.

MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY, at 2.15. Box Office (Mr. F. J. Turner) open 10 to 10. HER MAJESTY'S.

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Each Saturday for 3, 8, 10, 15, or 17 days to LIVERPOOL, SOUTHPORT, DOUGLAS (Isle of Man), KEGNESS, SUTTON-ON-SEA, MABLETHORPE, GRIMSBY, NEW CLEE, CLEETHORPES, BRIDLINGTON, FILEY, SCARBOROUGH, WHITBY, ROBIN HOOD'S BAY, SALTBURN REDCAR, TYNEMOUTH, WHITLEY, and CULLERCOATS, from Moorgate, King's Cross (E.C.).

For full particulars see Bills at Stations and Town Offices.

CHARLES STEEL, General Manager.



IN MID-STREAM ON A KAFFIR BOAT



WAITING FOR THEIR CLOTHES ON THE OPPOSITE BANK

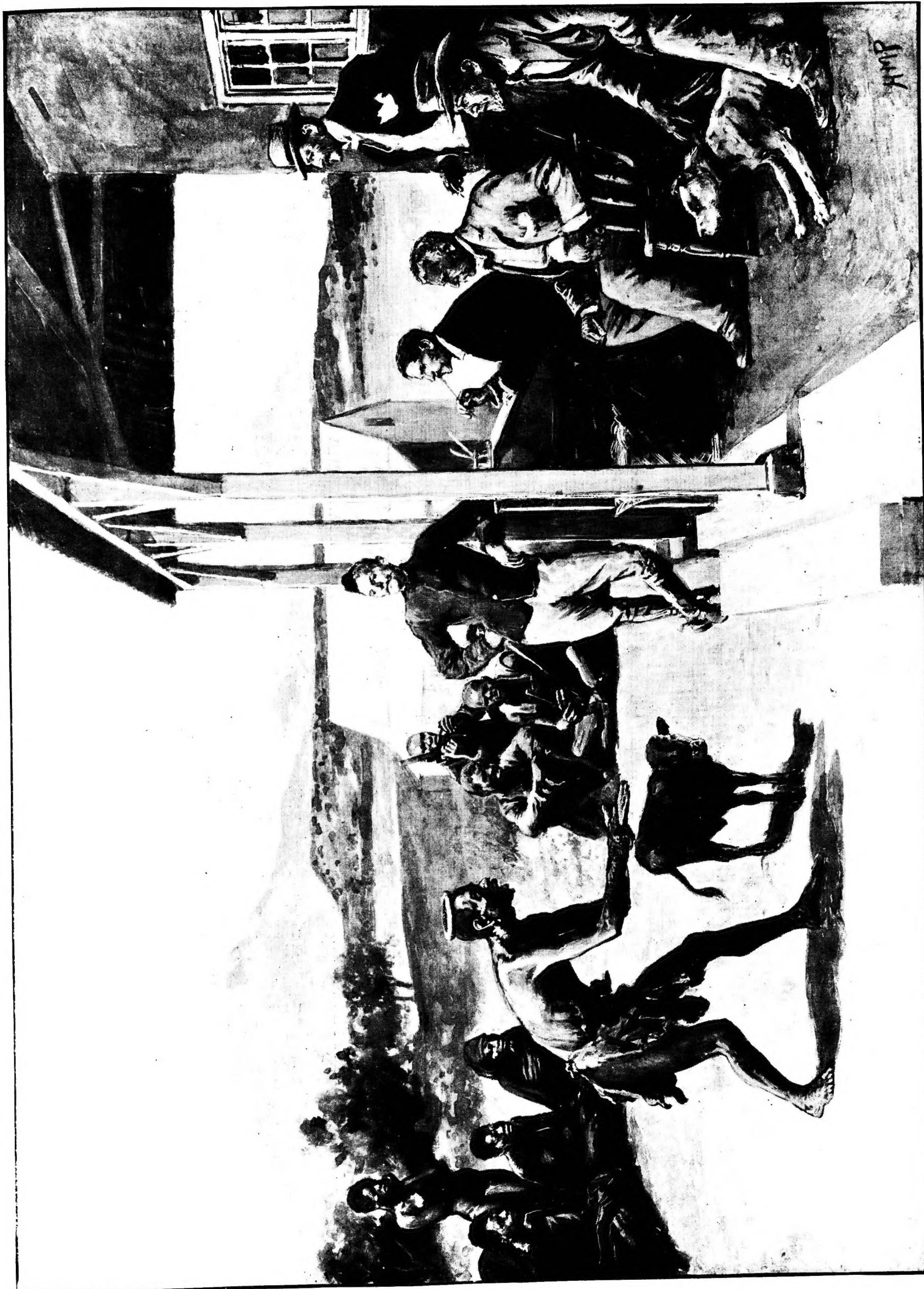
DRAWN BY F. DE HAENEN

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY LIEUTENANT F. ROWLAND

A correspondent, in a letter describing the crossing of the Tugela by Bethune's Mounted Infantry, says that many of the troopers were taken across the river by Kaffirs on a Kaffir "boat." There is no getting into a Kaffir "boat," for it consists of a bundle of canes, with a mast that looks more like a

pitchfork. Passengers by these "boats" are submerged nearly to their necks. Arrived on the opposite side the troopers waited with some anxiety for the punt to arrive with their clothes

HOW BETHUNE'S MOUNTED INFANTRY CROSSED THE TUGELA



FROM A SKETCH BY H. LEA

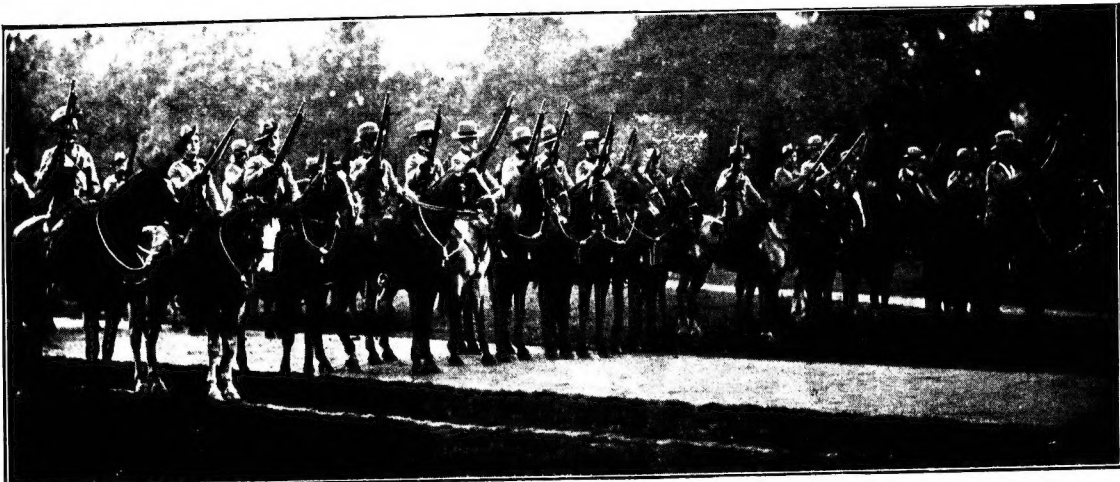
with the district, found it necessary to correct several of his statements, and generally to defend the cause of the Government."

day brought along a calf, the sole remnant of his herd, and while pointing out this animal he indicated at the same time that his corn fields were so devastated that they were as smooth and bare as the palm of his hand. As witnesses to support his case he brought all his wives to swear to the truth of his statements. The mounted police officer, who was well acquainted

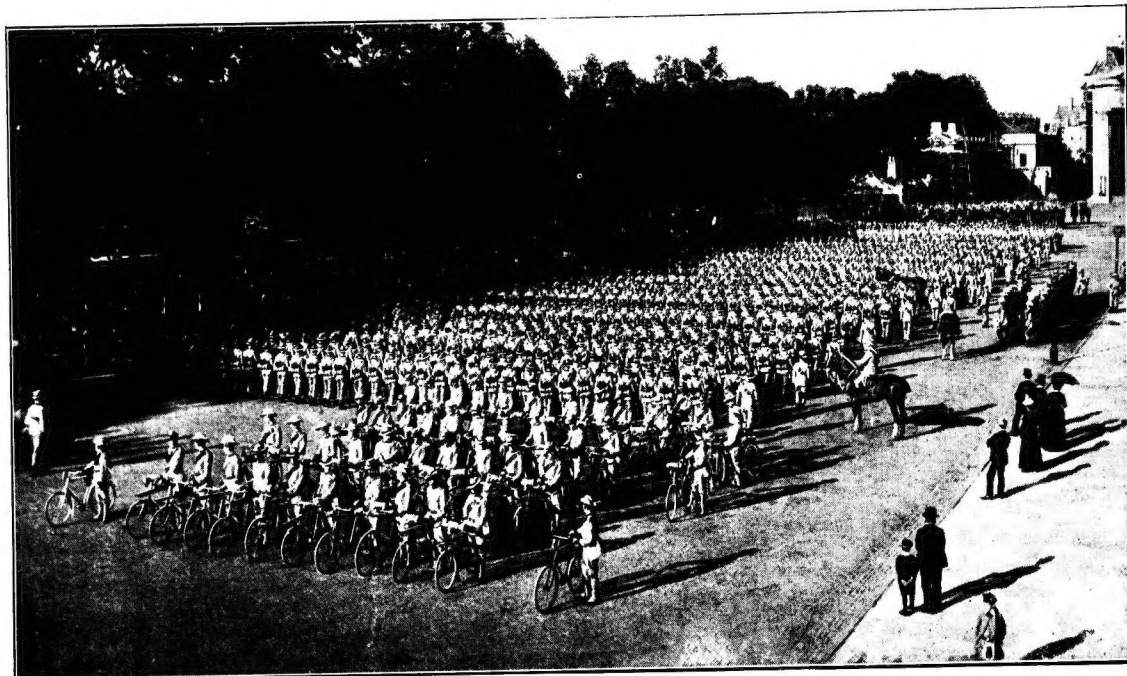
A correspondent writes:—"The losses of Kaffirs in respect to cattle and crops during the Dutch occupation of our colonies are now being taken account of. Great judgment has to be used in assessing the actual damages done, as the natives are very imaginative and have a dramatic instinct in representing their cases to the officers of the Crown." A Kaffir the other

A DIFFICULT TASK: ADJUSTING KAFFIR CLAIMS FOR COMPENSATION AFTER THE BOER INVASION

DRAWN BY H. M. PAGE



THE MOUNTED INFANTRY OF THE CORPS



COLONEL SIR HOWARD VINCENT ADDRESSING THE MEN

The Queen's Westminster Volunteers mustered about 1,400 strong under Colonel Sir Howard Vincent for their annual inspection in Hyde Park. The inspecting officer was Colonel Fludyer of the Scots Guards. The occasion was memorable, because the men wore for the first time their new grey soft felt hats in place of helmets. These hats are similar in shape to the C.I.V.'s hats, and they bear the letters Q.W.V. on the upturned brim. Our photographs are by W. Gregory and Co., Strand

THE ANNUAL INSPECTION OF THE QUEEN'S WESTMINSTER VOLUNTEERS

LIEUTENANT HOLFORD SMITH

MR. A. L. SECRETAN

LIEUTENANT W. T. WALLACE



COLONEL HODGSON

THE LATE LORD LOCH

COMMANDER HEUGH, R.N.

A body of Colonial-born scouts, bearing Lord Loch's name, was sent out to South Africa early in the campaign, and were equipped mainly as a tribute to him by South African merchants in London and other admirers. The photograph of Lord Loch, surrounded by the officers of the corps, is the last portrait taken of him. It is by W. Robinson, Camberwell

THE LATE LORD LOCH AND THE OFFICERS OF HIS SOUTH AFRICAN CONTINGENT

Exhibition Notings

By OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT

AFTER two and a half months of waiting, the great *clou* of the Exhibition, the fountains of the Château d'Eau, have at last been able to play to their full extent. Up to the present they have been pursued by all kinds of ill luck. First the electric apparatus went on fire, and a switchboard with 2,500 wires on it for working the electric lights was destroyed. This was repaired and everything was ready to begin when the immense pipe which supplies the grand cascade burst and flooded half the Exhibition.

This, too, was repaired, and on Sunday last for the first time the whole of the marvellous waterworks were able to play. The effect is wonderful, the immense cascades, which pour down from a height of fifty feet, and the side fountains, being lit up in ever-changing fires—blue, red, green, and all the colours of the rainbow.

The water arrangements at the Exhibition have, in fact, been most unfortunate throughout. It was only three days ago that the main pipe that supplies one of the restaurants burst, and nearly sapped the foundations of one of the towers of the "Tour du Monde" panorama before it was discovered and repaired.

One of the most appreciated arrangements of M. Picard, Commissary-General of the Exhibition, has been the institution of the *Vendredi chics*, or the fashionable Friday evenings. On the evening of that day five tickets are charged, which keeps down the immense crowd to reasonable proportions. On that evening it is possible to dine in the various restaurants without having to wait half an hour for a seat, or once in possession to be forced to eat at railway speed to make room for some other hungry visitor. As the price of the entrance tickets has now dropped to half a franc the expenditure necessary is not very excessive, being only about two shillings English money.

As a result the grounds, though crowded enough to make the scene an animated one, are comfortable to walk in, and a great contrast to the popular Sunday evening, when it is really impossible to move in the neighbourhood of the luminous fountains or any other popular attractions.

The latest addition to the Exhibition on view is the torpedo-boat *Turbinia*, which arrived from England a few days ago. She is moored alongside one of the quays, and is daily inspected by curious crowds. Since her arrival she has been inspected by a commission of naval experts, who have pronounced favourably in regard to her. The French Government has ordered one with three screws, which is being constructed in a French shipbuilding yard.

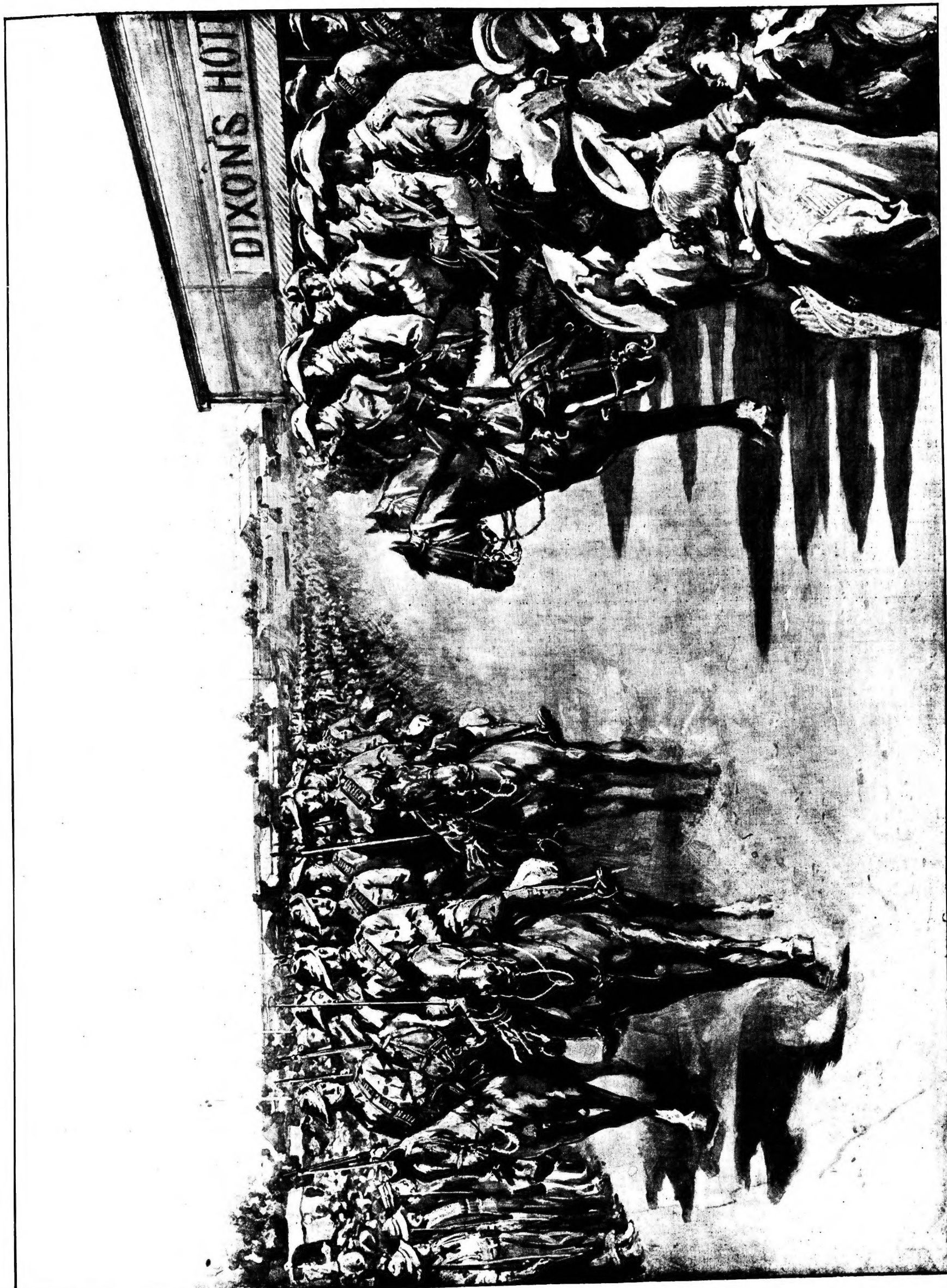
The most brilliant *fête* yet given in connection with the Exhibition has been that just given by M. Deschanel, President of the Chamber of Deputies, at his magnificent official residence in the Palais Bourbon. The principal part of the entertainment was a piece in six tableaux, *Toute la France*, which was written by MM. Victorien Sardou, Sully-Prudhomme, Henri de Bornier, and José Maria de Heredia.

The music was composed for it by MM. Reyer, Massenet, Saint-Saëns, Paladilhe, Theodore Dubois, and Lénepveu. M. Albert Carré, director of the Opera Comique, looked after the staging of the piece, and the scenery was from the brushes of the first artists in France.

The artistes taking the various parts were the leading singers and actors from the Opera, the Opera Comique, the Comédie Française, the Odéon, and the other Paris theatres. Over two thousand guests were present, and the *fête* was a magnificent success from every point of view. Since Gambetta gave his famous *fête* on July 14, 1879, no such brilliant entertainment has been seen in the Palais Bourbon.

The Late Lord Loch

HENRY BROUGHAM, LORD LOCH, was born on May 23, 1827. Entering the Royal Navy at an early age, he served for a brief period afloat as a midshipman, and shortly after quitting the naval service joined the 3rd Bengal Light Cavalry as a cornet. In 1846 he was appointed aide-de-camp to Lord Gough, Commander-in-Chief in India, and served throughout the Sutlej Campaign, including the battle of Sobraon, for which he had the medal. Subsequently he was appointed adjutant and acting second in command of Skinner's Horse, and adjutant of the 3rd Cavalry. Upon the outbreak of the war with Russia in 1854, he was sent with the temporary rank of major to Bulgaria to assist under General Beatson in organising the Turkish Irregular Cavalry, being afterwards awarded the Danubian Turkish medal. He was attached to the Earl of Elgin's special embassies to China and Japan from 1857 to 1860, and also attached to the Headquarters of the army engaged in China during the war. During this period he was also the bearer to England of the Treaty of Yeddo, concluded with Japan, and in 1860 was treacherously taken prisoner while under the protection of a flag of truce at the battle of Kang-Kia-Wan by the Chinese, who carried him about in a cage with Mr. Bowlby, the *Times* correspondent, and exhibited their captives to their fellow-countrymen. On his liberation he returned to England as bearer of the ratified Treaty of Tientsin and the Convention of Peking. In 1863 he was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of the Isle of Man, where he remained for nearly twenty years. There he left a lasting impression, so admirable and so many were the reforms which he inaugurated. Obtaining leave of absence in 1889, he came over to England, and during his visit the post of High Commissioner for South Africa and Governor of the Cape of Good Hope became vacant through the retirement of Sir Hercules Robinson, and was ultimately, though somewhat reluctantly, accepted by Sir Henry. At the Cape he was most energetic in developing the resources of the Colony. He several times visited England during his period of office, one of his latest visits being towards the close of 1894, when he was accompanied by Dr. Jameson. He had received the Grand Cross of the Bath in 1892, and retired from office in 1895, when he was created a Privy Councillor and a Peer, as Baron Loch of Drylaw.



DRAWN BY W. SMALL

The relieving column," Major Baillie writes, "had previously camped out on the Imperial reserve, and had there passed rapidly to the north of Mafeking to indulge the townspeople in the rare treat of seeing their faces bombarded and fleeing hastily from McMullen's laager,

whence for months they had vexed us. The Town Guard were formed up facing Dixon's Hotel, where General Baden-Powell took his stand, supported by Colonels Mahon and Pinner and their staffs. Then men from all quarters of the globe marched past in this little African

border town, dirty and unkempt, but the outward and visible signs of a mighty Empire, and Mafeking cheered itself its life hoarse. It was actually relieved, though it couldn't quite realise it even yet. With the exception of the R.I.L.A., every man on parade was a volunteer."

FROM MATERIALS SUPPLIED BY MAJOR F. D. BAILLIE, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE "MORNING POST"

THE RELIEF OF MAFKING: THE MARCH PAST OF THE RELIEVING FORCES BEFORE LIEUT.-GENERAL BADEN-POWELL

Music

WAGNER AT THE OPERA

THE week at Covent Garden has been devoted almost exclusively to the music of Wagner, so that the "progressive" subscribers have enjoyed a succession of field nights. Starting from Friday last week, when *Tannhäuser* was given, we had seven Wagner representations straight off. On Saturday there was an extra performance of *Die Walküre*, Frau Ternina for the last time playing Brünnhilde before a large audience, which included the Prince and Princess of Wales. On Monday the second cycle of *Der Ring des Nibelungen* commenced. The casts were, to a certain extent, the same as at the previous cycle, but with one or two remarkable exceptions. The most important were on Tuesday and Wednesday, when Frau Gulbranson, the famous *prima donna* from Bayreuth, was announced for the first time as Brünnhilde; Sieglinde in *Die Walküre* being played by Frau Ternina. Frau Schumann-Heink also has now finished her engagement, and the part of Erda consequently fell to the American mezzo-soprano, Miss Edith Walker, who has frequently sung it at Vienna. Herr Van Rooy repeated his famous impersonation of Wotan, but the part of the Wanderer on Wednesday was announced for Herr Bertram. The cycle ends on Friday of this week, and on the previous day M. Jean de Reszké, who was after all unable to appear last week, but who has since been gathering health at Westgate-on-Sea, hoped to be able to take part in *Lohengrin*, with his brother, Edouard de Reszké, as the King, and otherwise a strong cast, including Frau Galski as Elsa and Frau Ternina as Ortrud. Of this performance we must reserve criticism, but it should be highly interesting, for Frau Ternina usually plays the part of Elsa, although her high dramatic talent would seem to mark her out for the more serious role of Telramund's ambitious wife.

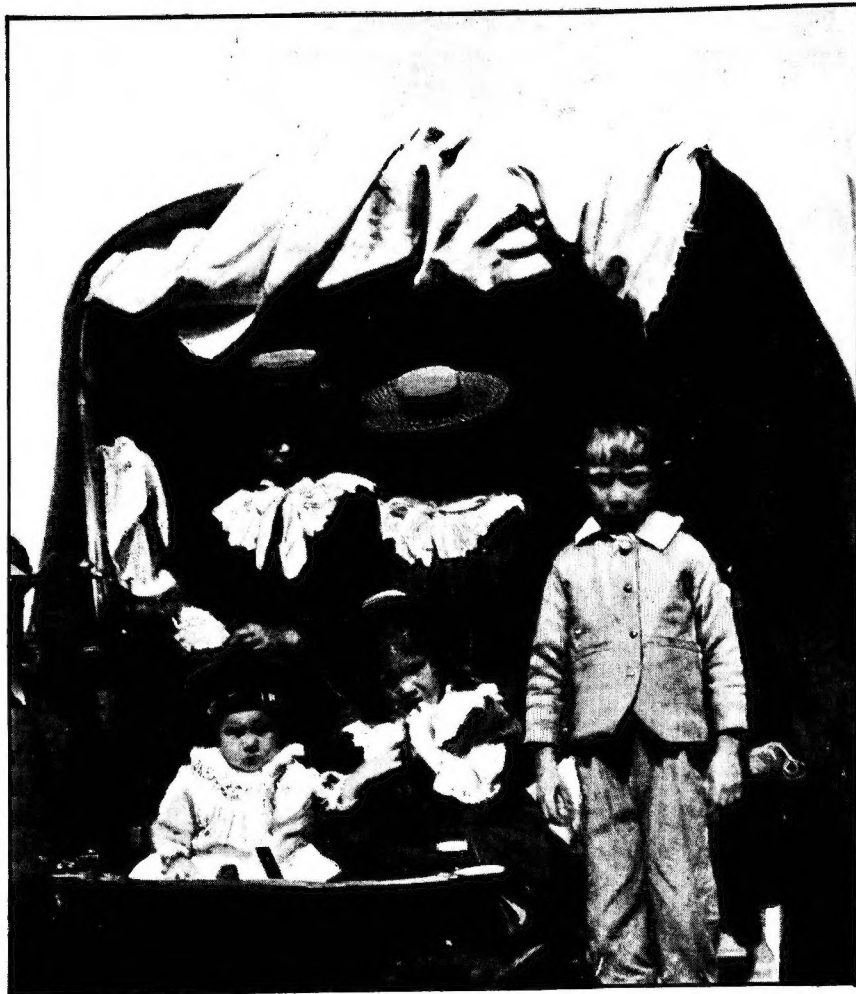
Several operas are in rehearsal, but last week the only special addition to the repertory was *Don Giovanni*, which attracted so large an audience that Mozart's serious masterpiece will doubtless be repeated shortly. It will by that time have had further preparation, while as to the performance of last week it need only be said that it left a good deal to be desired from the point of view of *ensemble*, and that it likewise showed how little modern vocalists study the real Mozartian vocal style. The

best singer of the party was M. Edouard de Reszké, although his acting of the part of Leporello was rather ponderous. In place of M. Jean de Reszké in *Romeo* M. Saléza took part with

Madame Melba. There was a brilliant audience, a large number of the ladies wearing their summer dresses and costliest jewels, for the Khedive was expected, and his inability to leave the Royal Palace was not known in the house until the performance had well started. *Die Meistersinger* is in preparation, while Puccini's *La Tosca* also is now ready, and will be produced in the course of the week after next.

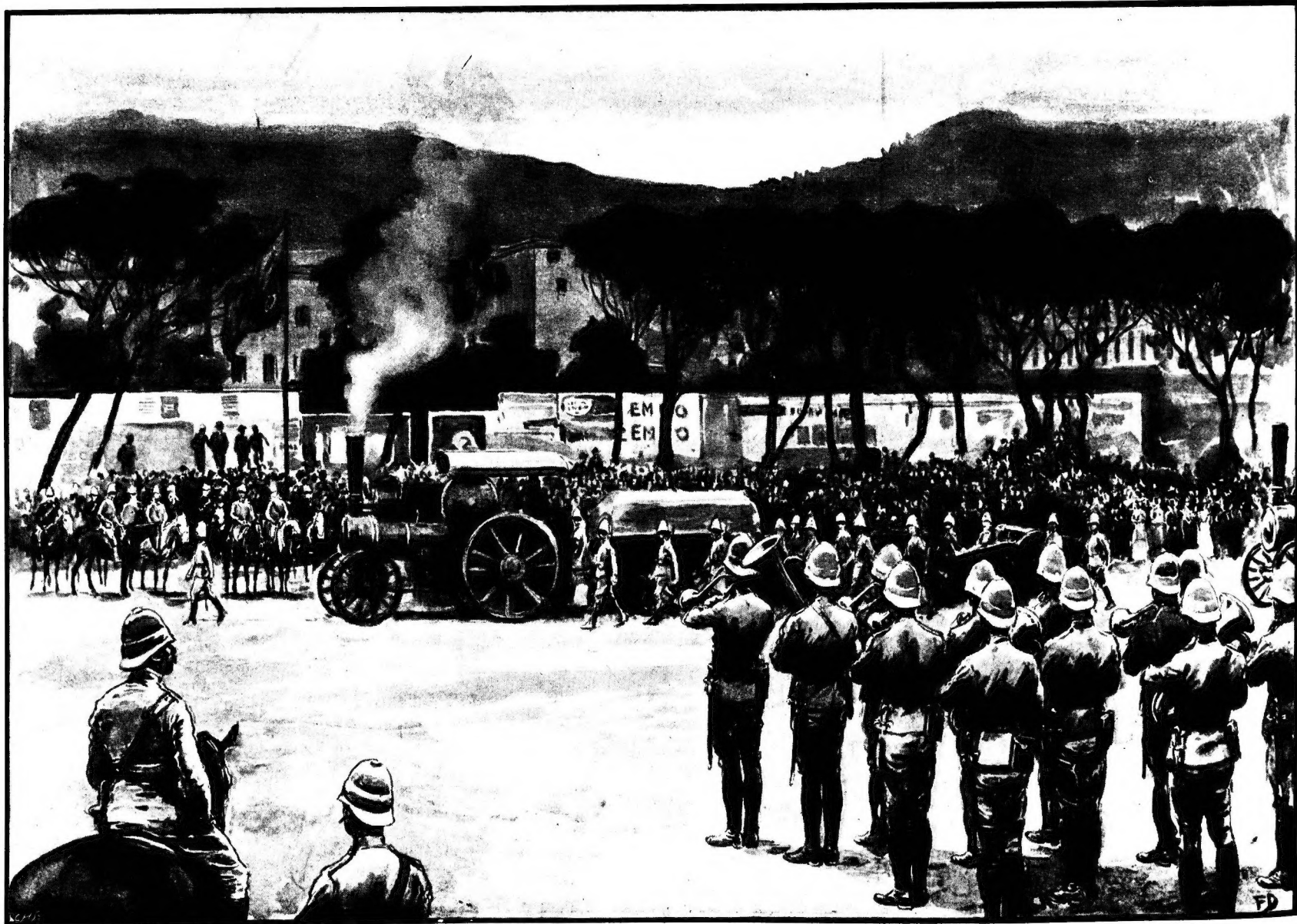
THE HANDEL FESTIVAL

The Handel Festival came to an end on Saturday, when the attendance, as officially given by the Crystal Palace authorities, is said to have exceeded 23,000, although in this total no doubt, be reckoned some of the Saturday night holiday-makers, who came more especially for the fireworks. Nevertheless, the total attendance at the Handel Festival this year, exceeding as it does 100,000, is higher than the average, a fact which in difficult times is very satisfactory. The attendance, in fact, are the largest since 1891. From another point of view the Festival certainly was the best we have had for many years. Nothing finer has been heard by the present generation than the performance of the double and single choruses in *Israel in Egypt*, and particularly the Plague of the first part. The "Hailstones," as usually encored. The question of Handel's pecuniary position this oratorio has again cropped up, as, indeed, triennially does. Nearly half a century ago the Sir George Macfarren printed an elaborate analysis of *Israel*, in which he showed where the great Saxon composer borrowed from Stradella's *Seven Years* from the alleged *Magnificat* of Erba, the *Deum* of Urio, and his own Harpsichord Fugues. The general public, however, do not trouble themselves in such matters, satisfied with the knowledge that what Handel borrowed from other people he infinitely improved. Mr. Lloyd's singing of "The Enemy Said" was the sensation of Saturday afternoon. This is probably the last time that the great English tenor will ever have an opportunity of declaiming this air. Miss Clara Butt's improvement in oratorio singing was also well marked during the Festival, while Madame Albani repeated old successes, and Mr. Santley again proved how perfect vocal art can triumph over the inevitable ravages of time. The "Selection" programme was very much too long, and it would have been better if a



"ONZE PA IS GWANGEN OP ST. HELENA"

From a Photograph by Leo Weinthal



DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

No military celebration of the Queen's birthday has ever been more remarkable in the history of Cape Colony than that which was held this year. In all some two thousand troops took part in the review, a fourth of that number being mounted. There was no trooping of the colour, and no *feu de joie*, but there was a grim earnestness about the men, all of whom were in khaki. One of the remarkable features of the march past was afforded by half a dozen of the huge military transport traction engines, each rolling along with an ammunition wagon and a heavy gun, as if indeed the burden were a mere nothing. The sight was indeed a novel one, and the spectators cheered lustily as the huge guns—

there were three 5-inch guns and three 6-inch Howitzers—went past, the guns' crews, with their rifles slung, marching on each side of the formidable pieces. These transport engines have done such remarkably useful work during the war in hauling heavy loads about the country, and have so materially lightened the immense difficulties of transport, that their presence on the parade was a feature of quite exceptional interest. They went fussily puffing past the Governor with their ominous-looking loads just as if they had nothing behind them.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A CORRESPONDENT

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY AT CAPE TOWN: A NOVEL FEATURE OF THE REVIEW



FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. D. GILES

On the march to Thaba Nchu, just as the cavalry had halted at the spot where they were going to bivouac, a vivid flash of lightning struck the ground about 100 yards in front of them. A terrific peal of thunder crashed overhead at the same instant, and smoke rose from the ground where the lightning struck. The men said it was just like a shell bursting among them. The cavalry consisted of Household Cavalry and the 10th Hussars

A LUCKY ESCAPE FOR THE CAVALRY WHILE ON THE MARCH TO THABA NCHU

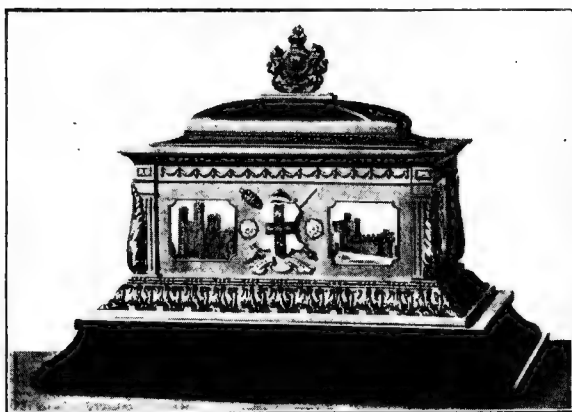
DRAWN BY F. DE HAESSEN

shorter selection from *Judas Maccabeus* had been given. As it was, the performance lasted from two o'clock in the afternoon till close upon seven in the evening, and a large number of the better class of people had to leave long before the concert was over. Indeed, Mr. Arthur Balfour, who is one of the staunchest admirers of Handel, heard less than an hour of the performance. Among those who were present was Signor Puccini, who is now in England for the rehearsals of his opera, *La Tosca*. The Italian composer was simply amazed at the wonderful singing of this vast choir.

The Festival week was made an opportunity for the wildest of rumours. It would be useless either to give them all or to contradict them. It will suffice that the large financial success of the Festival affords sufficient evidence that the celebration will not be stopped, while neither the Palace authorities nor Mr. Manns, who are, after all, the people chiefly concerned, have any knowledge that Mr. Manns is about to resign. This fact, of course, also puts an end to rumours as to Mr. Manns's probable successor, although it may be taken for granted that when Mr. Manns, who is seventy-five, actually does retire, it will not be necessary to look beyond the ranks of the directors, who include Sir Arthur Sullivan, to find someone to replace him.

Presentation to the Prince of Wales

THE Freedom of the City of York was presented to the Prince of Wales, on his recent visit to that city, in a solid 18-carat gold casket. In the centre of the front of the box are the Arms, Motto and Cap of York, all in proper colours in enamel, while behind are the



Mace and Sword, and the Yorkshire Rose appears on each side of the shield. The panels on either side have views of the Minster and Walmgate Bar. On the ends of the casket is engraved the monogram of the Prince of Wales and the crest of the Lord Mayor. The reverse side of the box has views of the Guildhall, Skeldergate Bridge and St. Mary's Abbey. The lid is domed and divided into panels, each decorated with emblems relating to the city and the occasion. The front panel of the lid bears a suitable inscription. The casket was designed and manufactured by the Goldsmiths and

Silversmiths' Company, Limited, Regent Street, London, and was supplied through Messrs. Kleisser and Sons, York.

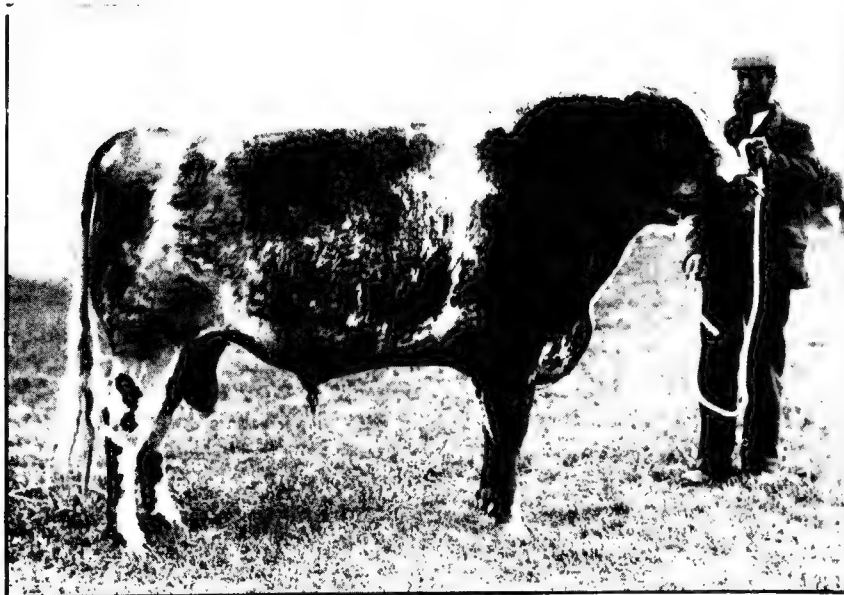
The Court

SINCE the Queen's return to Windsor several of the Royal Family have been down to the Castle to see Her Majesty. The Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha and her youngest daughter, Princess Beatrice—who are now on a short visit to England—arrived on Saturday to spend a few days, while on Sunday, the Prince and Princess of Wales came to lunch, Prince Arthur of Connaught also joining the party from Eton. The Queen and Royal Family had previously attended Service in the Royal Mausoleum at Frogmore, where the Bishop of Winchester preached. On fine mornings the Queen generally goes to Frogmore, and sometimes breakfasts in a tent in the grounds, besides transacting much of her State business there. Prince and Princess Christian are frequently at the Castle to dine with Her Majesty, their daughter, Princess Victoria, being still with her grandmother. Other guests have included Lord Salisbury, with Lady Gwendolen Cecil, the Earl of Hopetoun, and the Duke de Mandas, the new Spanish Ambassador, who had audience on Monday to present his credentials. Tuesday was the date of the operatic representation commanded by the Queen, when *Cavalleria Rusticana* and a selection from *Carmen* were performed in the Waterloo Chamber, which makes so good a theatre. As usual the room was beautifully arranged with flowers and shrubs in front of the row of gilded armchairs, where the Queen and Royal Family sit. A little table is always put close to Her Majesty for her programme and opera glasses. The Queen invited a large party to witness the performance, which was highly successful. After the performance the artistes were entertained to supper, and subsequently returned to town, except Madame Calvé, who remained for the night at the Castle as Her Majesty's guest. On Thursday the Queen held a Council.

Her Majesty was very much concerned at the Khedive's illness, and not only sent one of her own physicians to see the invalid, but despatched her private secretary, Sir Arthur Bigge, to the Royal yacht to convey her sympathy. Sickness and suffering, indeed,

always arouse the Queen's warmest sympathies, for Her Majesty called personally at the Windsor Infirmary to inquire after the victims of the Slough railway accident, and also sent them grapes and strawberries from the Royal gardens.

Now that the war in South Africa has entered its closing phase plans for welcoming home the troops occupy no little Royal attention. The Colonials will have special honour, for the Queen proposes to make a separate inspection of her troops from overseas when it is hoped that all the corps engaged in the campaign will be represented.



Her Majesty's Shorthorn Bull Royal Duke was placed first in his class at the Royal Agricultural Society's Show at York, and took the champion prize for the best male in the show. Our photograph is by A. J. Bowden, Upper Tulse Hill

THE ROYAL SHOW AT YORK: THE QUEEN'S PRIZE BULL

The Queen and several of her daughters being artists themselves, the gifts now coming from Italy are peculiarly appropriate. The Raphael Academy of Urbino have elected Her Majesty an honorary member, and have sent her not only a member's gold medal, but an album with photographs of the various artistic treasures of Raphael's native city. The diploma is a beautiful piece of work—a vellum scroll richly illuminated by an Urbino artist, and enclosed in a handsome case, resting on a cushion embroidered by the girls of Urbino. Before the presents left, under Professor Morris Moore's charge, they were publicly exhibited at Urbino, which was flying the British and Italian flags together at the Ducal Palace, Raphael's House and the Academy.

Yet another great-grandchild for the Queen—her thirty-seventh. Princess Louis of Battenberg has a little boy, her fourth child and second son.

The Prince and Princess of Wales have divided their time this week between London and Sandringham. They had a small juvenile festivity at Marlborough House on Saturday, in honour of little Prince Edward of York's sixth birthday, when the five cousins and numerous other children were welcomed by the youthful host. During the day the Prince of Wales presided at two meetings of the British Museum Trustees, and at a meeting of the Royal Yacht Squadron, while in the evening the Prince and Princess, with Princess Victoria, were at the opera. After attending church on Sunday they paid the Queen a visit at Windsor, and on Monday the Princess distributed prizes to the pupils of the Frances Mary Buss Schools. The first State Concert of the season took place at Buckingham Palace in the evening, attended by the Prince and Princess with their daughter and several other Royalties. Next day the Princess, accompanied by the Prince, presided at the fifteenth annual meeting of the Soldiers and Sailors' Families Association, and on Wednesday the Prince opened the Central London Railway. On Thursday the Prince and Princess went down to Sandringham, to entertain a large house party for the annual sale of the Prince's stock from Sandringham Farm. They are expected at Norwich to-day (Saturday) to open the new Jenny Lind Hospital for Children—the county "Longest Reign Memorial"—and return to town on Monday for the State Concert. The Princess and Princess Victoria accompany the Prince to Goodwood this year, when, as usual, they will stay with the Duke of Richmond and Gordon. Thence they go to Cowes.

Prince and Princess Christian are expecting their married daughter, Princess Aribert of Anhalt, on a visit. She has crossed the Atlantic in a German liner, after having made a tour in the United States. As the first member of the British Royal Family to visit the States since the Prince of Wales was there more than a quarter of a century ago, the Princess has been greatly feted, although her visit was quite private.

The illness of the Khedive has spoiled all plans for his reception and entertainment. Abbas Pasha was suffering from a slight throat affection when travelling across the Continent, but the malady so developed during the passage from Flushing—a very rough voyage—that when the *Osborne* reached Port Victoria the Khedive was too ill to land. The throat specialist, Sir Felix Semon, was summoned, and it was announced that the Khedive was suffering from septic sore throat, and must keep his bed. His Highness was very ill for two or three days, with high temperature and much pain, but on Sunday he began to improve, and on Tuesday gave a dinner party on board the *Osborne*, coming up to town on Wednesday. On Thursday he was to visit the Prince and Princess of Wales, and on Saturday would go to Windsor to dine and sleep. The Khedive's reception at the Guildhall is fixed for Tuesday.



THE PERFORMANCE OF "THE MESSIAH": MADAME ALBANI SINGING, "I KNOW THAT MY REDEEMER LIVETH"

THE HANDEL FESTIVAL AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE

From a Photograph by Russell and Sons

Our Portraits

COUNT MURAVIEFF was born on April 7, 1845, and received his early education at the Poltava Gymnasium. Thence he proceeded to Heidelberg, where he passed through his University course with credit. Returning to Russia in 1864, he was appointed to a junior clerkship in the Ministry for Foreign Affairs. His aptitude for diplomacy and his engaging manners secured him a rapid promotion. Appointed successively Secretary of Legation at Stockholm and The Hague, he was sent to Paris in 1880 with the rank of Secretary of Embassy. In French society Count Muravieff produced a very favourable impression, and the many friends he made in the political world rendered his subsequent relations with French statesmen very easy. When Prince Orloff, under whom he served, was transferred to Berlin in 1884, Count Muravieff accompanied him, and was promoted to the rank of Councillor of Embassy. For some time he acted as *Chargé d'Affaires*, but Prince Orloff was eventually succeeded by another

and was born in 1857. He first entered the Savings Bank Department of the General Post Office, and then the Secretary's Office, where he remained for some years, subsequently going to British Guiana as Postmaster-General. He was Colonial Secretary for the Gold Coast from 1888 to 1898, since when he has been Governor and Commander-in-Chief. In 1893 he raised the Gold Coast Rifle Volunteers, of which he was Major Commanding. He married, in 1883, Mary Alice, daughter of W. A. G. Young, C.M.G., Governor of the Gold Coast. Our portraits are by G. T. Jones and Co., Kingston-on-Thames.

The Hon. Samuel Brownlow Gray, C.M.G., has been appointed Chief Justice of Bermuda and President of the Legislative Council. He was born in Bermuda in 1823, and educated at King's College, London. After being called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1847, he returned to Bermuda and practised there, being appointed Attorney-General and Advocate-General in 1861. He held these offices continuously until his appointment as Chief Justice. During the whole term of his office as Attorney-General—1861-1900—he was

never absent from Bermuda on leave, and his record of holding the office of a Colonial Attorney-General for thirty-nine years is probably unique. Mr. Gray was a member of the House of Assembly from 1856 to 1900, and initiated in that body more than two-thirds of the existing statute law of the Colony. In January, 1888, he was made a C.M.G. Our portrait is by Richardson, Bermuda.

Mr. Thomas Jones, F.R.C.S. (England), was the chief of the Welsh military hospital in South Africa, a professor of Owens College, a leading honorary member of the Manchester infirmary and hospital staffs, and a renowned operator. He settled in Manchester shortly after leaving Guy's Hospital. When approached by the authorities responsible for the equipment of the Welsh hospital at the seat of war with a view of taking charge of that organisation, Mr. Jones felt it his duty to accept the position offered to him. His death is now reported from Springfontein, and the profession loses a brilliant member. Mr. Jones was not much over fifty. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry.



SIR FREDERIC HODGSON
Besieged in Kumassi



LADY HODGSON
Besieged in Kumassi



THE LATE PROFESSOR T. JONES
Died at Springfontein of enteric



PROFESSOR LODGE
First Principal of Birmingham University



THE LATE COUNT MURAVIEFF
Russian Minister for Foreign Affairs



THE HON. S. B. GRAY
Appointed Chief Justice of Bermuda



THE LATE "FATHER PHILIP"
Of the London Oratory



MR. J. FARQUHAR
Mayor of Ladysmith

brilliant Russian diplomatist, Count Shuvaloff, under whom Count Muravieff continued to serve for many years. At this time he earned the confidence of Prince Bismarck, and he was largely concerned in the Russo-German *rapprochement* negotiations which culminated in the famous Secret Neutrality Treaty, the existence of which was only revealed by Prince Bismarck after his retirement. Having figured so actively in a policy which the Tsar Alexander III. had much at heart, Count Muravieff's further progress was assured. When in 1893 he was appointed Minister to Denmark, it was recognised that the nomination carried with it a peculiar mark of the Imperial confidence owing to the close family relations existing between the Courts of St. Petersburg and Copenhagen. Count Muravieff remained in Copenhagen until after the death of Count Lobanoff in the autumn of 1896, when he was summoned to St. Petersburg and appointed Minister of Foreign Affairs. Although his policy for many years was consistently and successfully anti-English, there had not been wanting signs within the past few weeks of a more friendly tone towards this country, and Russia loses the services of a very able diplomatist at a most crucial moment. Our portrait is by Fritz Leyde and Co., Berlin.

Professor Oliver J. Lodge, of University College, Liverpool, who has been appointed Principal of the University of Birmingham, was born at Penkull, Stoke-on-Trent, in 1851, and studied at University College, London, where he afterwards became Assistant Professor of Physics. In 1882, on the establishment of University College, Liverpool, he was appointed Professor of Physics. In 1887 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and a year later the University of St. Andrews conferred upon him the honorary degree of LL.D. Professor Lodge is the author of several well-known works on scientific subjects, and is a leading authority on electricity. He has devoted much time to original research, and his contributions to literature, in addition to showing a minute grasp of their subject, have what is rare in the writings of eminent scientists—namely, style.

Sir Frederic Mitchell Hodgson, K.C.M.G., who for some time, with Lady Hodgson, has been besieged in Kumassi, is the son of the Rev. Octavius Arthur Hodgson, Rector of East Stoke, Wareham,

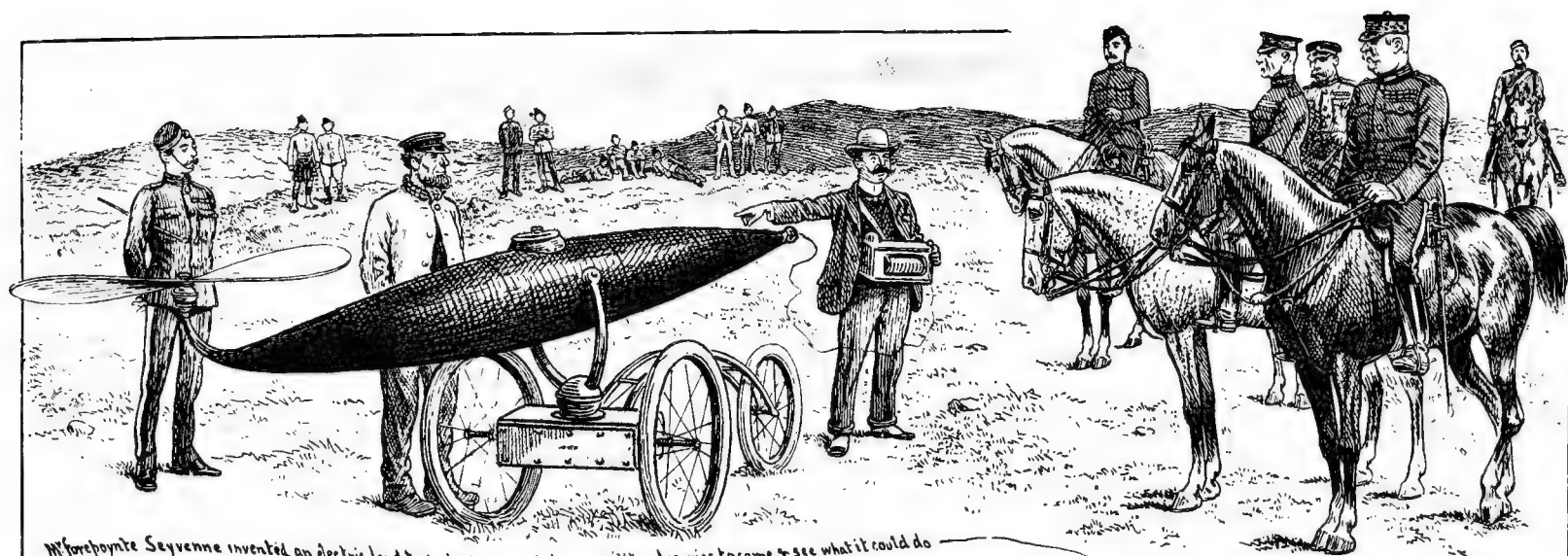


MONUMENT ERECTED IN MEMORY OF OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE 27TH INNISKILLING FUSILIERS WHO FELL AT PIETER'S HILL ON FEBRUARY 27, 1900

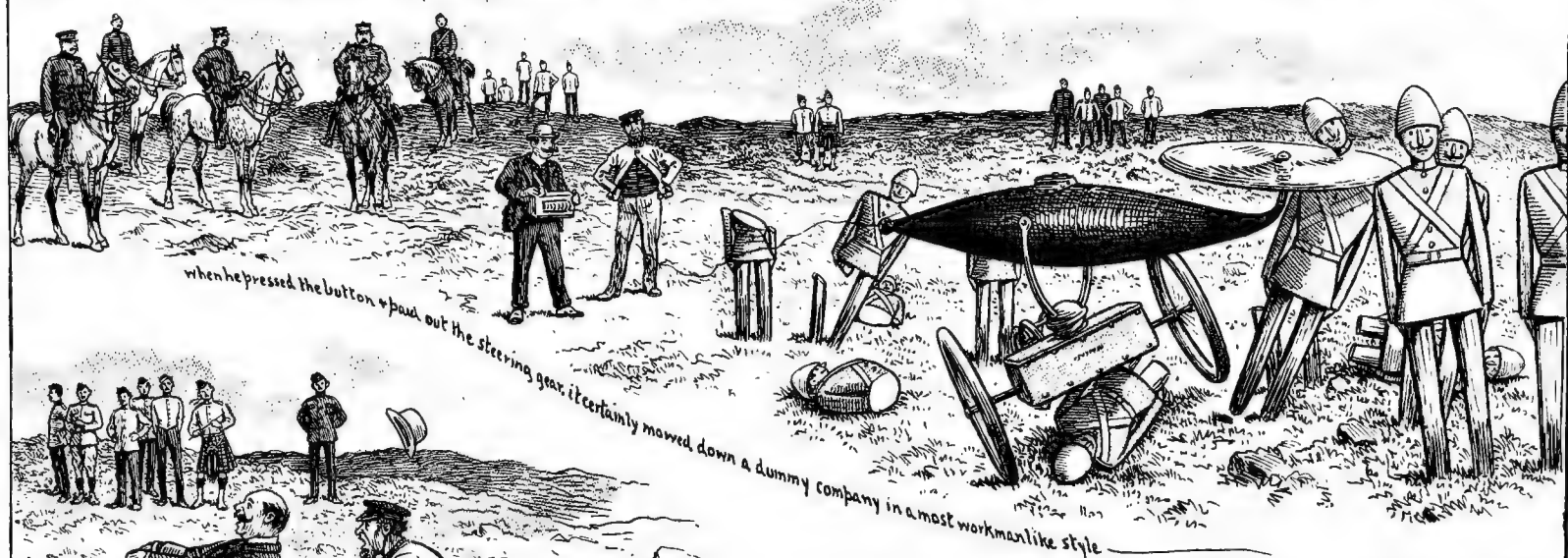
From a Photograph by H. Kisch, Ladysmith

Mr. J. Farquhar is the Mayor of Ladysmith, and throughout the siege was one of those who worked heart and soul to ameliorate as far as possible the condition of his fellow-townsmen. When interviewed in the temporary Town Offices after the siege (the Town Hall being much injured by the shells from Umbulwana), he stated that he had nothing but praise for the manner in which the besieged citizens had behaved. When General Buller came in with his staff to the Convent, where his headquarters were established, he was met by Mr. Farquhar and Town Councillors, and presented with an illuminated address. Some sensation has recently been caused by the appeal of Mr. Farquhar to the Natal Government for financial assistance, an appeal, due, it is said, to an extraordinary demand of the Imperial Government. During the siege, when the supplies of rations for civilians ran short, the Mayor applied to the officer in charge of the Imperial commissariat for food for the inhabitants, many of whom had joined the fighting ranks. The Mayor obtained permission to draw on the military supplies, on condition that he held himself responsible for the cost of the rations. Although the Mayor agreed to this, it was not for a moment anticipated that such a claim would be pressed by the Imperial authorities. Now, however, it is stated the claim has been submitted, and a demand made upon the Mayor for payment of several thousand pounds, though this is probably only an official matter of form.

The Reverend William Thomas Gordon, late Superior of the London Oratory, known as "Father Philip," came of an Aberdeenshire family, of which the last generation came south. He was educated at King's College and Christ Church, Oxford. At Oxford he came under the influence of Newman and joined the Church of Rome, and became a member of the Oratory. To his elder brother, Father Joseph Gordon, formerly an officer in the Indian Army and afterwards a priest of the Oratory, Cardinal Newman dedicated his classic poem, "The Dream of Gerontius." Father Gordon has been working in London since 1849, and among the rich and poor, and in the hospitals, the scene of his many labours, he was beloved to the end. His requiem was on Tuesday, and was numerously attended by clergy and laity. Our portrait is by Thos. Fall, Bayswater.



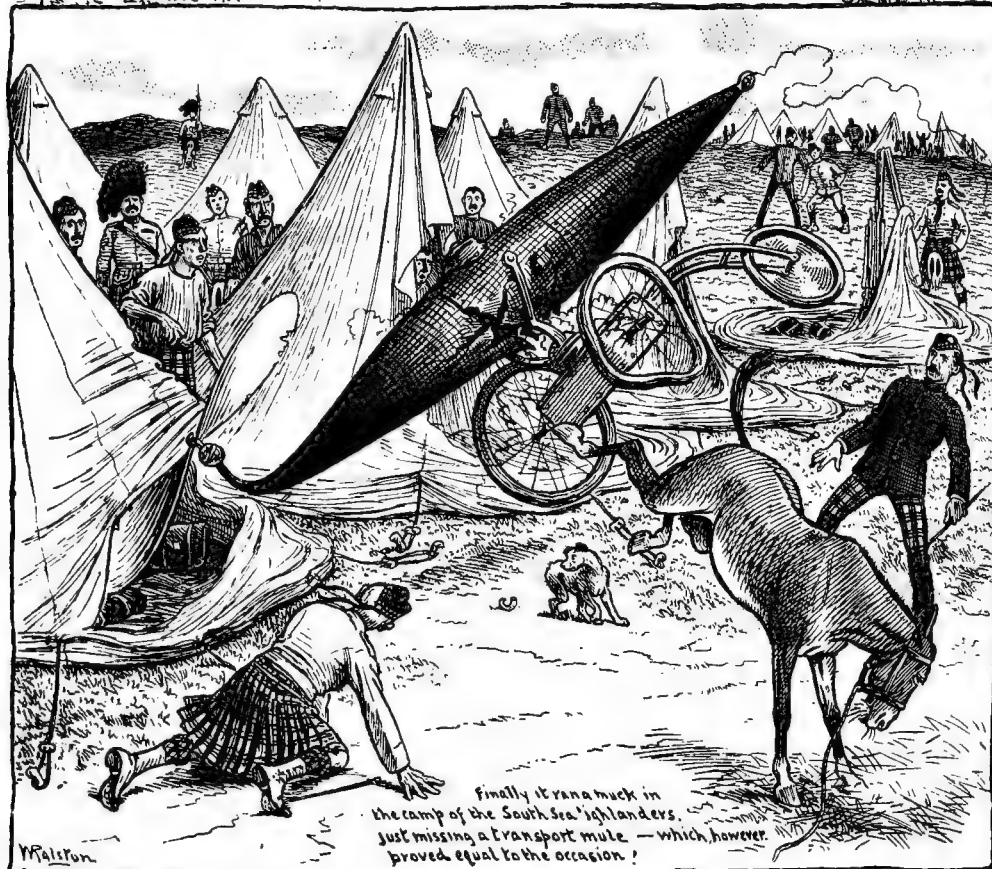
McForsythe Seyenne invented an electric land torpedo. He persuaded some military big wigs to come & see what it could do



when he pressed the button & paid out the steering gear, it certainly moved, down a dummy company in a most workmanlike style



But, suddenly something jammed!



finally it ran a muck in the camp of the South Sea islanders. Just missing a transport mule — which, however, proved equal to the occasion!



The steering wire broke, and, in a moment, V.C.s & D.S.O.s were flying for their lives as they never flew before

WHY A NEW LAND TORPEDO WAS REJECTED BY THE WAR OFFICE

DRAWN BY W. HALSTON



INVALIDED HOME: RATHER BETTER THAN THE TUGELA

DRAWN BY SYDNEY P. HALL

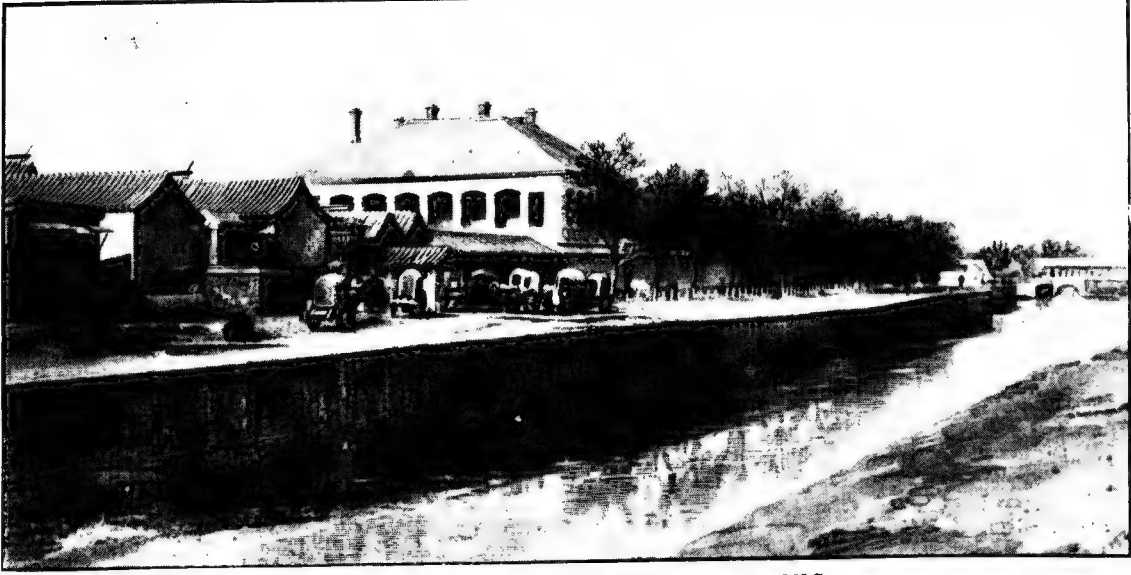
The Crisis in China

The First Relief Force

EVENTS have been moving quickly in China, though the difficulty in gaining any accurate knowledge of them has been considerable. The "Boxers" and their friends—and exactly who are their friends no one seems to know—exerted for some considerable time a censorship even more complete than that which concealed the details of any important move in the Transvaal. We knew that the allied fleets bombarded and captured the famous Taku Forts shortly after Admiral Seymour started for Peking with his composite force, but since then the news that has come through has been largely in the nature of rumours. The reason for the capture of the forts was that the Chinese Army had ordered trains for attacking Tientsin and ravaging Tongku, and that the mouth of the Peiho was being mined, so, none too soon, prompt action was taken, happily attended with very little loss, though one Russian ship suffered rather severely owing to a shell bursting. Successive efforts were then made to afford relief to Tientsin, but Russian troops in the first instance and Germans in the second were repulsed, in the former case with very serious loss, some 120 being killed. Meanwhile, most sinister reports were current as to the fate of the Legations at Peking and of Admiral Seymour's force, which appeared to be blocked in the neighbourhood of Tientsin, unable either to advance or retreat, handicapped by want of water, ammunition and transport, while Tientsin itself, invested since the Admiral's departure, was fighting for its life. The Russians, who held the railway station, appear to have suffered very severely, but all the foreign concessions were bombarded. Shells fell in the public garden near the Gordon Hall, where the women took refuge, and, though Tient-in could muster 3,000 foreign troops and residents, a



ADMIRAL SIR EDWARD SEYMOUR
Who started with 2,000 men to relieve Peking



THE BRITISH LEGATION AT PEKING

massacre was greatly feared, as the Chinese were not merely numerous but thoroughly well armed with modern field guns.

British Reinforcements

In the meantime, the first landing force at Taku, consisting of 800 British, Germans and Japanese, was largely augmented, and continuous efforts were made to open communication with Tientsin and Peking. On Monday some eight thousand international troops were landed, the British complement being increased by 300 Welsh Fusiliers and 900 Sikhs from Hong Kong, and, despite the difficulties in the way of satisfactory concerted action on the part of the allies, the Chinese investment was broken, Tientsin was relieved, and the little army set out to follow up Admiral Seymour, and to accomplish what it seemed probable he had been able to accomplish, namely, enter Peking and set all doubts at rest as to what was happening in that town, no trustworthy news from which had reached the outside world for over a fortnight. That the Powers are thoroughly alive to the seriousness of the situation has been shown by the alacrity with which ships and men have been despatched by Germany, Italy, America, and Japan, to say nothing of the whole division which is under orders for China from India, and the last details of which will be landed by the second week in July. This force consists of two brigades, each comprising four battalions of infantry, with divisional troops, one cavalry regiment, three companies of sappers and miners, and one field battery. Two battalions will be sent to guard the lines of communication. General Sir A. Gaselee commands, with General E. G. Barrow as his Chief of Staff. The brigades will be commanded by General Sir N. Stewart and General O'M. Creagh. A regiment of pioneers will also go with the divisional troops.

From Taku to Peking

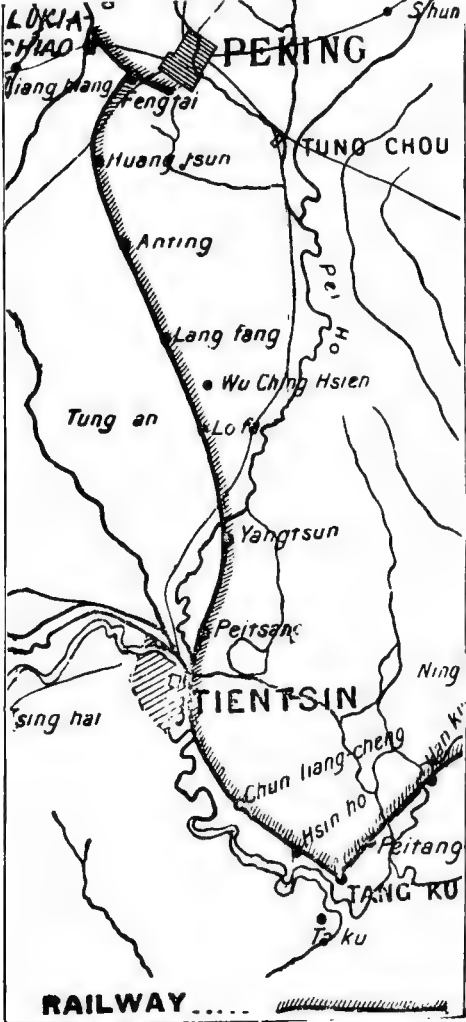
The route from Taku at the mouth of the Peiho to Peking is a long and tiresome one, though the railway constructed in the face of great opposition has made it much easier. The Chinese, though, in their hatred of the "foreign devil" and all his works, have probably worked more havoc with this line of rail than is yet known. The railway is a single line to Tientsin, and thence a double line, the distances being as follows:—

Name of Station	Distance from Tientsin
Tientsin	—
Yang-tsun	17.88 miles
Tofah	31.09 "
Langfang	40.40 "
Anting	53.64 "
Huang-tsun	64.47 "
Fengtai	74.88 "
Ma-kia-pu	80.00 "

The Legations

It was from Langfang that the last authentic news came through from Seymour, when he was said to have defeated the Boxers, and the terminus of the line, Ma-kia-pu, is the southern gate entrance to Peking—a city which if garrisoned by modern troops would be almost impregnable. The walls, which have a stone foundation, are 50 feet thick at the base, 30 feet thick at the summit, and about 40 feet high. They are defended by massive buttresses at intervals of 300 yards, and there are nine gateways, of enormous size, leading into the city. The total circumference of Peking is

about 20½ miles, and the area about twenty five square miles. The Legations, which one report said the Ambassadors had left guarded by Chinese troops, are situated in the south-eastern portion of the Manchu or northern city. Most of them are in Legation Street, but the British and the Belgian are practically isolated. By far the largest is the British Legation, which was granted to the British Minister in 1861. It is about five acres in extent, is surrounded by a well-built brick wall, and is bounded on the east by a road which runs along the side of a deep and wide moat. The sole entrance gate to the compound opens into the road, and from



(Scale about 2½ miles to the inch)
MAP SHOWING THE LINE OF RAILWAY FROM TIENSIN TO PEKING
UP WHICH THE ALLIES ARE ADVANCING



THE TAKU FORTS AT THE MOUTH OF THE PEIHO RIVER, CAPTURED BY THE ALLIED SQUADRONS



GORDON HALL, TIENSIN, WHERE THE EUROPEAN WOMEN AND CHILDREN TOOK REFUGE DURING THE ATTACK ON THE TOWN



THE ENTRANCE TO THE BRITISH MINISTER'S HOUSE AT PEKING



THE RUSSIAN MINISTER'S HOUSE, PEKING

this side the Legation is practically impregnable to troops not provided with artillery. It is well supplied with stores. Within the walls of the Legation are also the secretaries', doctor's, and accountant's houses, students' mess, chancery, and escort quarters. Including troops, there must be over a hundred British subjects capable of bearing arms within the Legation. If any stand had to be made here, as it is much better adapted than any of the other Chancelleries for purposes of defence.

On to Peking

The latest details received up to the time of going to press, gathered from German, Russian, and American sources, state that a strong relief force, numbering about 8,000, entered Tientsin last Saturday, after severe fighting, the British and American troops being the first to enter the town. The allies then started to assist Admiral Seymour, who was said to be entrenched some ten or twelve miles away with the Foreign Ministers, and in dire straits. Whether he succeeded in reaching Peking, and brought out the Ministers, or how the latter came to be with him if this were not the case, was still wrapped in obscurity. Such rumours as that the gallant Admiral had been taken prisoner were not generally credited. In the meantime the situation still remains very critical, the railway to the coast is practically destroyed, hordes of Chinese block the lines of communication, and the allies, hampered by lack of transport and insufficiency of communication, are likely to find it very difficult to rescue and bring any large number of refugees from Peking and Tientsin to Taku. All reports as to losses are at present vague, but it is said that the Russians have suffered severely.

War or Not War

Perhaps the most curious aspect of the whole affair is the uncertainty which cannot long last as to whether a state of war

exists with China. Actually it undoubtedly is the case. Technically the Chinese Ambassador is still in London, and that astute diplomatist, Li Hung Chang, a past master in the art of sitting on rails, although peremptorily ordered to Peking by his Imperial mistress, has preferred to remain in retirement at Canton, where trouble is brewing, despite his presence. With grim humour he has "endorsed" the opinion that he is the only man capable of dealing

which set out to force a way to Peking. He has been Commander-in-Chief of the China Station since December, 1897. He is sixty years old, and first saw active service as a midshipman on board the *Terrible* during the Russian War in the Black Sea, being present at the bombardments of Odessa and Sebastopol. He was also present as a midshipman in the Chinese War of 1857, and was on board the *Calcutta's* launch when it was sunk at the destruction of the Chinese flotilla in Fatshan Creek.

He was made sub-lieutenant in 1859 and lieutenant a year later. In 1870, when he was commander of the *Growler*, Admiral Seymour succeeded in rescuing an English vessel from pirates on the Congo; he was severely wounded and received the special approval of the Admiralty for his bravery on that occasion. He was captain of the *Iris* during the Egyptian War of 1882, receiving the Egyptian medal and Khedive's bronze star in recognition of his services. He also possesses the Crimean and Turkish medals with Sebastopol clasp, China medal and three clasps, and the Royal Humane Society's silver medal. Admiral Seymour was appointed aide-de-camp to the Queen in 1887. From 1892 to 1894 he was second in command of the Channel Squadron, and in 1893, 1894, and 1896 took part in the naval manoeuvres. Admiral Seymour was one of the judges of *The Daily Graphic* competition for the best means of establishing communication between a stranded ship and the shore. Our portrait is by W. Gregory and Co., Strand.

IN THE PRESENT PRECARIOUS STATE OF AFFAIRS IN CHINA it is interesting to note how the European Shanghai Volunteer Corps had been testing a scheme of defence for the foreign settlement. The force assembled with their artillery on the Bund and were rapidly allotted and moved to stations round the settlement. In three-quarters of an hour there was a complete chain of defensive posts with perfect communication, the bicyclists being especially useful in carrying messages rapidly.



Brigadier-General Sir A. Gaselee, K.C.B., in command of the Indian troops for China, holds the substantive rank of Colonel in the Indian Staff Corps, and at present commands a district in Bengal

BRIGADIER-GENERAL SIR A. GASELEE



One of the Chinese leaders most to be feared if he should cast in his lot with the "Boxers" is General Yuan Sie Kai. He is a good general and pays his men regularly—which is remarkable for a Chinese general. He belongs to the Dowager Empress's party

GENERAL YUAN SIE KAI

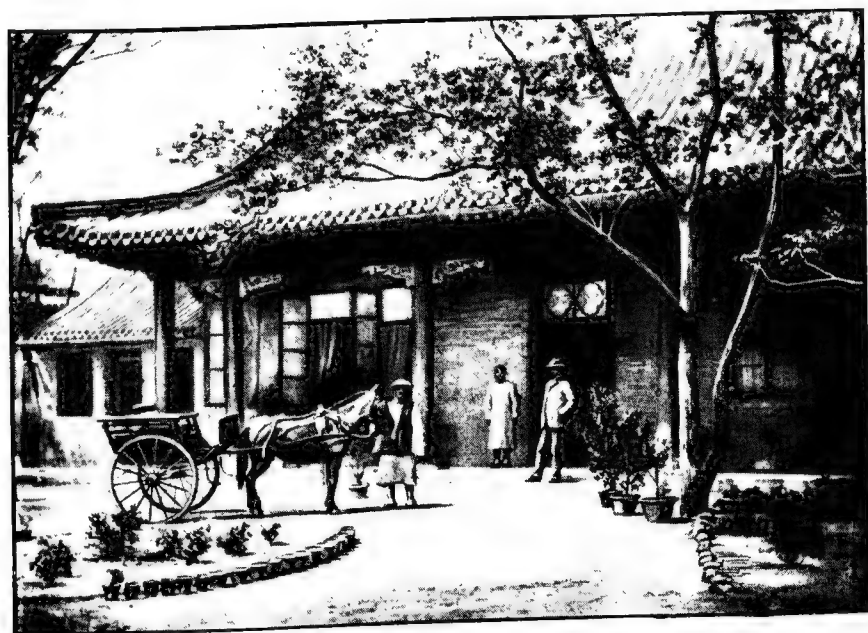


Chinese Secretary to the British Legation, Peking, who accompanied Admiral Seymour's force as interpreter. He is an accomplished Chinese scholar, and has an intimate knowledge of the native character

MR. C. W. CAMPBELL

with the rising. His manner of dealing with it so far, though, has been quaint, and has consisted in wiring to Peking that the "Boxers" should be "done away with first," and that then cordial relations should be established with the foreign Powers, of whom America is seemingly the only one in which he places confidence. For the present one is more concerned that cordial relations should prevail among those Powers, and that divided counsels should be subordinated to one strong intelligence of whatever nationality.

Vice-Admiral Sir Edward H. Seymour, about whose safety considerable anxiety is felt, commands the first international force



THE CHINESE SECRETARY'S HOUSE AT THE BRITISH LEGATION



THE RAILWAY STATION, TIENSIN, DEFENDED BY THE RUSSIAN CONTINGENT

More About the Nile Dam

With reference to the illustrations in our issue of the 9th inst. of the Nile Dam now in course of construction, a correspondent has furnished us with some further particulars about the men engaged upon the works and the benefits which are likely to result from the undertaking.

The foundations of the dam rest on solid syenite; indeed it was the excellence of the foundations which formed the unanswerable argument in favour of building the dam at this point and nowhere else; and the masonry is of granite ashlar coming from ledges of rock that furnished the obelisk which now stands on the Thames Embankment and is known as Cleopatra's Needle. Most of the granite workers are Italians. They are all picked workmen, and come chiefly from the great granite districts of Baveno on the Lago Maggiore, and Biella in the neighbourhood of Turin. There are now about six hundred of these men, but this number will be increased as the work advances. The rest of the men are Maltese, Syrians, Greeks, and Arabs. There are also a few Soudanese. It is a curious thing that the local Nubian has been found to be absolutely incapable, as far as this work is concerned. The lithe and sinewy fellows that work so hard dragging a dahabyeh up the cataracts cannot stand settled labour. Consequently all the native labour has to be imported from Upper and Lower Egypt. The fellah is a good workman, and agents are continually travelling throughout the country selecting capable men and drafting them down to Assouan. Owing to the desert that extends along the banks of the river in the neighbourhood of the First Cataract, accommodation has to be found for every man employed. Some idea of the housing of these men may be gathered from the number employed, which at Assouan and Assiout now reaches the enormous total of 23,000 men.

Now a word about what the dam is going to do. The Egypt of the map shows more than 400,000 square miles; but the practical Egypt, that which produces crops and sustains life, is nothing more than a ribbon-like strip of alluvial land bordering the Nile, a few miles wide on each side, and measuring not more than 10,500 square miles. The extension of "living" territory which the great dam is planned to accomplish is equivalent to the rescuing from the Libyan and Arabian deserts of 2,500 square miles. The added irrigation resulting from the big reservoir will, according to computations upon which the financial considerations of the dam have been based, permanently benefit Egypt to the value of 20,000,000*l.* A direct annual return to the revenue of 400,000*l.*—more than twice the sum to be paid each year for building the dam—from sale of water and taxation on lands is promised. To understand how this enormous gain will be effected it is necessary to consider the conditions of cultivation in Egypt. Egyptian agriculture, its wealth, and almost its existence, depend on irrigation. The seasons are three: the summer, April to July, when the river is low; the flood season, July to December, when the river overflows its banks; and the winter, from December to March, during which time the water is confined to the river

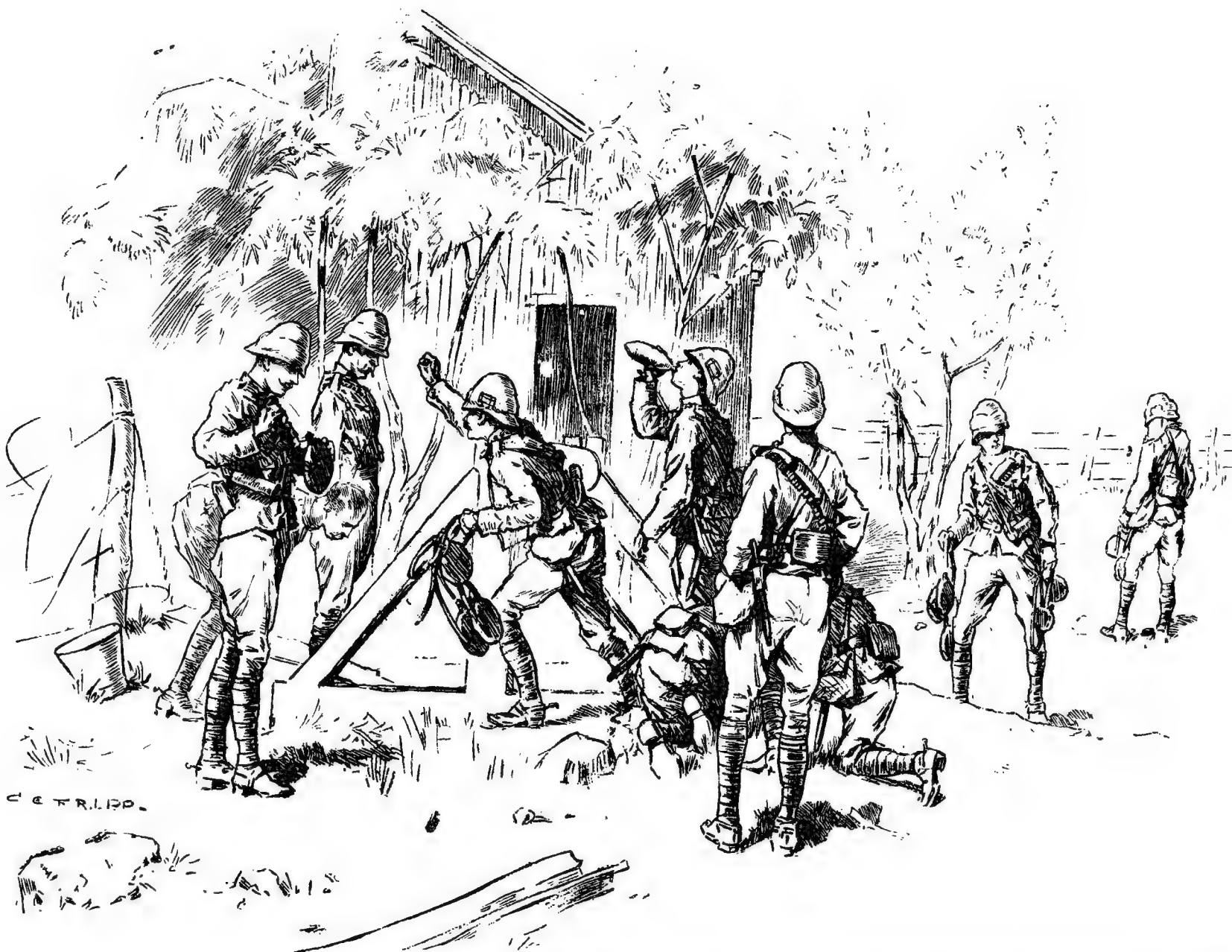


This group of Kaffirs do not look as if they were inhabitants of a beleaguered town, but, as our correspondent remarks, preparations for the ceremony were made long before it took place, as a wedding cake, biscuits, and other luxuries were provided, which could not have been obtained when the siege had lasted a month or so. Our photograph is by J. Orr

A SIEGE WEDDING AT KIMBERLEY

course, although the supply is in excess of agricultural requirements. The summer crops are cotton, sugar, cane, millets, rice, vegetables and fruit. The flood crop is maize or millets, while the winter crops are wheat, beans, barley and clover. Under existing conditions, therefore, in the several provinces, land is to be found partaking of the advantages of flood, perennial and semi-perennial irrigation in every possible degree of variation—high-lying flooded lands producing millets, low-lying lands, called "basins," producing the other winter crops. The tracts under perennial and semi-perennial irrigation are intersected by numerous canals, and in many instances

produce from two to three crops in the year partaking of the usual characteristics of heavily irrigated lands. Mr. Willcocks, the engineer to the Egyptian Government, calculated that the present cultivated area of Egypt is nearly 5,000,000 acres, and he believes that it might be increased in extent, without reference to its production, by 600,000 acres. But to bring the whole district of Egypt under proper cultivation, by means of sufficient irrigation, an annual supply of water is needed for Lower Egypt of 1,500,000,000 cubic metres of water, and it is this want that the great Nile reservoir is intended to supply.



The road from Bloemfontein to Kroonstad taken by Lord Roberts's force follows the railway line, and sometimes the watering places are rather far apart. At intervals of about five miles there are corrugated iron gangers' huts built along the line, and these are provided with wells, which, however, do not furnish

the best of water. They are not much used in consequence. Still sometimes men will drink at these huts, and the rush of men to fill their water bottles is a characteristic sight

LORD LOVAT'S GILLIES PROCURING WATER ON THE MARCH: A SKETCH NEAR ZAND RIVER

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. FRIPP, R.W.S.

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CHLORIS OF THE ISLAND

By H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON. Illustrated by C. E. and H. M. BROCK

CHAPTER XVII.—(continued)

SHE crept down silently into the little haven where the pier jutted into the water. The cutter which was used by the Carmichaels was gone, but she chose the larger of two small boats in the house, and shoving it over the pebbles launched it upon the broad face of that grey, inviolable sea. Outside the haven she ran up the rag of sail and stood away from the island, purposing not to cross to Marlock, where she might be noted by Nicholas or one of his creatures, but to make for the village higher on the coast which had been the scene of Warburton's grave adventure. Chloris was an admirable hand with sail and oar, but owing to the stillness of the night she made slow progress, though she pulled with her aching arms to aid the flapping sail. Inch by inch, it seemed to her, she in her craft crept over the water across that lonely mile, watched by idle and benignant stars, and accompanied with the lazy wash of the reluctant ocean. Yet foot by foot she drew near to her destination, and at last ran the skiff ashore near by Vincehallow and entered the village. Hatless as she was, and breathing her distress with every deep inspiration, she started the good people of Vincehallow, who recognised her at once. The miracle of her beauty, glowing brighter and fresher under her physical efforts, struck admiration to the heart of the village youth whom she addressed. She had a letter, she said, which must reach its goal at once; it was for Mr. Powis of Layercross. It was a tribute to her face as well as to her agitation that this large-bodied and frank-eyed young man became the messenger, and, once he had started, under particular orders to push on with all speed and at all hazards, Chloris went back to her boat. Yet now that her mission was over she began to doubt its success. If this man should fail to reach Layercross in time, if Mr. Powis should refuse to act upon such rude evidence, even if he were to act but to act tardily—in all these cases it would spell Death to Warburton. Now that her messenger was gone she was frantic in her mind that she had suffered him to go, and had not herself undertaken the journey, broken, sore and wounded as she was. And upon that succeeded the determination, at least, to see Warburton, to offer him a last warning, to plead yet again with him, to see if perchance he even now (God forbid) might not have been sacrificed to her brother's fury—nay, even at the lowest to set eyes once more upon him, to hear again his voice, and to mingle again with his the accents and carresses of love.

She turned from the sea, where the little running wavelets came up about her feet out of the vast invisible, and went briskly landwards, her face to the dunes, upon the other side of which lay Marlock and her lover. For a time she walked with strength and animation, sustained by her excitement and the warm desire to reach him; plunging over rough ways, by quiet lanes and across broken fields, until at length she descended into the valley under the dunes. But here the difficulties of her journey grew, for the path was heavy and cumbered with vegetation, so that after some experience of it she regretted that she had not kept to the road—the longer route but the surer. A stream down the valley made a morass of the rough fields, and she picked her way wearily through boggy, shining patches, stumbling in the darkness over the inequalities, descending into ugly pits and falling athwart hillocks. Down below her, away by the sea, as she and all the people of that



"The man regarded him suspiciously"

coast well knew, stretched the quicksands, open-mouthed and ravening. Chloris, at last, reached the dunes, up which she clambered, dizzy and drearily spent. The pain in her head grew steadily, and the aching in her body seemed as though it would pull her down by the way at every step, yet there was still two miles between her and Marlock, two miles of miserable waste and solitary sand. All the signs and appointments of night were now in the sky, and the obscurity added to her difficulties. There was one large star which hung silver on the horizon, and towards this she unconsciously pushed her way. It shone steadily, not with the inconstant

twinkling of the field about it, but lucently, mildly benignant, an hospitable glory in the heaven. Yet this vanished from her sight as she went down into the pools of sand, rising again with encouragement as she climbed the interminable mounds. Chloris's feet mechanically beat upon the shifting earth, carrying her, as she hoped, to her goal; but by this time she flagged, her spirit had worn itself placid, even indifferent, and no longer was any human feeling vital in her mind. Although she strove to that one star, it was not with any expectation of reaching it, for she had ceased to revolve in her thoughts the end and motive of her journey. It was just a dismal wilderness she tramped under lonely stars and by unfriendly seas. The roaring of the gulfs beyond the cliffs filled her ears with distant clamour, acquainting her that she was still working towards Marlock; yet, now that she considered, had not the voices of the sea grown louder, and was she not, therefore, approaching the margin of the land? This reflection drew her to a pause, and she stood with her weary limbs shaking under her. A vague fear assailed her, seeming to prevision formidable issues, that perhaps she had gone wholly astray and was come to another coast. Surely she could not have wandered for so long among the dunes without reaching some end, unless, indeed, she had gone round in a circle like some lost traveller in hell. The drumming of the sea saluted her ears, and called her nearer; and so once more she resumed her journey, moving now in the direction of the sound. And presently, although she saw nothing, when she had topped a rise, the flying winds from off the bay took her in the face roughly, and would have rent her garments from her. They strove to throw her down, and she clung instinctively to the grass for succour, for out of the depths rose up a hollow murmur as of some creature moaning hundreds of feet below. She stood, as she conceived it, upon the verge of a precipice, battling with a foe that would cast her over; and thus, with slow steps and dread at her heart, she crept back whence she had come, not knowing whither she went or to what new perils she was exposing herself. Once at a safe distance from the cliffs, she began to hasten with all the speed of which she was capable, and as if pursued by a phantom terror, away from the sea, inland once more, and towards the interior fastnesses and silences of the dunes.

Roger Warburton returned from a visit to the revenue sloop late in the evening. Gellibrand was in earnest as to his crusade, vowing to his friend that he would not leave one smuggler in the coast that was not clapped into gaol, not he. Indeed, he intended what he said, and he was not only a fop and an admirer of beauty and rank, but as smart a sailor as any in the revenue service. All that he wanted (he declared) was a hint. "Put me on a smell, Mr. Warburton," he boasted, "and I ask no more. I will fetch the vermin home. I'm main glad I saw that Frenchman; it gives me a thought, and I should like your advice, since you know these parts."

"I know 'em very scantily," said Warburton, "but you are welcome to my information."

"Have you heard talk of the Free-trade, as they call it, damn 'em?" asked the lieutenant. "I shall be obliged to you, sir, for the news, thank ye for the offer. It is right for all to join hands that His Majesty may not be defrauded, and he who holds his tongue, if he knows anything, is a rogue, sir, and that's flat. He deserves hanging with the others."



"You ask me to give this up to you unread"

"Ah!" says Warburton, "but these gentry hold together."

"Hold, sir!" cried Gellibrand; "damme, they shall swing together! I will not be denied. I will be off to-morrow, the first thing, to take counsel with Sir Stephen Carmichael. He should know a good deal."

"Aye, he should know a good deal," agreed Warburton, "but I hear he is sick abed."

"Sick, is he? Gad! I am sorry to hear it. Then I will pay my *devoirs* and be polite. I must stand on ceremony. I should have visited him before."

He saw his visitor off with deferential and alert politeness, and Warburton's boat dropped away for Marlock. As it left the sloop a cutter, wonderfully handled, sprang out of the gloom across his wake, and fluttered suddenly up into the wind. He looked back with curiosity at her, but saw no one on board, partly by reason of the growing darkness, and partly because of the plunging canvas. He headed his own boat for the shore, but after a moment's indecision the cutter put about and bore down on the sloop. It was Nicholas Carmichael who stepped aboard the latter, wildness in his eyes, but outwardly possessed and civil. He had recognised Warburton, and the struggle in his mind had been sharp and brief; but, after all, it was of most immediate importance to discover what he had been doing on the sloop, and how much Gellibrand knew. As for Warburton, nothing now could save him, and ten minutes, more or less, would take nothing from the fullness of his punishment.

But Warburton was at last serious in his resolve to guard himself, for he saw that the time had come when, if he put any value on his life, he must act prudently. He had almost composed his mind to end the business next day, and send the Carmichaels to what the law would exact of them. Yet he had still some considerations to ponder, and he wanted peace and solitude. When he had landed, therefore, he went, not towards the Three Feathers, but through the village and along the cliffs where the cool breezes blowing off the sea were soft and pleasant to the flesh. He was aware now that it could not be long before his enemies would strike at him once more, and that they would strike deeper, with more purpose, and by surer agents—even perhaps to-night. Presently turning from the sea he walked inland, making for Marlock by a shorter route. It was already dark, but the way was now familiar to him, and he stretched his long legs briskly to the walk. He had eaten and drunken well on board the *Osprey*, and desired nothing now save a glass of good contraband spirits and a bed to sleep in, for he had much to do, and must rise betimes with the sun on the morrow.

The gentle radiance of the field of stars spread about the black dunes, discriminating between hills and hollows, and turning the night to a grey mist. He came soon upon the chapel ruins in the hollow, and passed into the aisle, which held a deeper quality of darkness within its walls; but between the massive broken pillars he came abrupt to a stop, for something lay at his feet, whiter than the darkness and softer and warmer than the cold, hard earth. He struck a light that flickered, a pale thread of flame, in that deserted temple, and he was looking down upon the quiet face of Chloris.

With an exclamation of dismay, and a great fear at his breast, he stooped and lifted her, feeling at her bosom for the remnants of life; and next, lifting her in his arms, as if she had been a child, he stepped out of the ruins. Below the chapel in the heart of the sandhills, stood, as he remembered, a little cottage inhabited by none, and now fallen to become the merest skeleton of boards, plaster and rafters, and through the gaps in which the winds fluttered at will. Towards this refuge he picked his way, and, arrived there, lighted a candle, and set her upon a rude couch of boxes. He poured some brandy into a glass, and put it to her lips; she opened her eyes upon him and smiled faintly, trustingly, happily, after which she closed them again. Meanwhile, Warburton was making a busy examination of her, and from the marks and signs upon her garments he guessed that she had come far and had probably been seeking him with news. He felt a spring of affection break newly from the heart that he had hardened, and Chloris Carmichael no longer seemed to be the sister of Nicholas or the daughter of her father, but a beautiful and devoted woman whom he loved. He touched her hands soothingly, and she looked up again at him with a start.

"You shall tell me later, dear," said he; "drink again of this." She shook her head, anxiety once more regaining its seat in her expression.

"You are still safe, then?" she exclaimed, and drew a breath of relief. "But you will not be safe long," she added quickly. "Nicholas has sworn to kill you. You are to die to-night."

"And yet," said he smiling, "I am alive."

"No, no, you do not understand, sir; I do not think you appreciate your danger. I have overheard—I know of their treason with Bonaparte. They will not spare you now. The deed was in other hands before, but now Nicholas has taken upon himself the purpose, God forgive him, and that he is my brother."

Her voice broke, and she explored his face with trembling, as if she feared that he would impute this to her, and begged him not to cast her off for the sins of her house.

"I shall have him laid by the heels to-morrow," said Warburton curtly. "I have waited long enough."

"Ah, you have waited too long," she said, and rose to her feet uncertainly. "You must not go back to Marlock this night. I beg you, promise me that. Mr. Warburton, I have by the providence of God, caught you in time in this strange and unexpected fashion out upon this wilderness. 'Tis written, sure, that I was to warn you not to return to-night."

Warburton smiled. "I am afraid of no assassin, even if he be your brother," he said bluntly.

The irony which he had not intended or himself seen was unheeded by her, who pleaded anew for his life.

"God is my witness," she declared, "that I have never yet asked anything of you, Roger Warburton, that was granted to me. Give me this one thing now. It is a little matter I ask of you, yet it is a great matter to me—'tis all in all, for 'tis your life. Give me your life, I pray you, sir, and you shall do otherwise what you will."

"Tush, sweetheart," said he, "I will do what I will in any case. But you must not be alarmed. Indeed I may not consent to you, for I must carry my dearest lady to a shelter and safety."

"This shall be my shelter and my safety," she cried vehemently. "Look you, I have travelled all the way from Lynsea, as these

stains do witness, to accomplish this. And as I came I said in my heart, 'I will warn him, and he will obey me.' But then my heart questioned me, 'Nay, you will warn him, and he will laugh at you,' and which is right, my heart or I? Nay, I declare that I shall have my way, and that you shall tarry here this night, and here I will keep watch over you."

The emotion was tremulous in her voice, and Warburton, looking at her, answered nothing. He was sensibly moved by this declaration and by the thought that she had suffered these fatigues and pains to help him.

"Did you lose your way, Chloris?" he asked gently. "How was it you came into such a plight, poor child?"

She shook her head for she would not speak of what had happened.

"You must not concern yourself about me," he added.

She gave a start, and caught him by the arm. "What is that?" she cried in alarm. "Did you hear that?"

Warburton listened, but only the sound of the rising wind upon the dunes reached him.

"Nay," he said, "'tis but the night growing wild that warns me you must be off."

"No, no," she cried, gripping him by the arm. "What is that? Hush!"

Warburton held his ears to the exterior vacancy of the wilds again, and again comforted her.

"Be not afraid," he said; "'tis but the wind searching under the eaves. Hark! it whistles through the holes and crevices."

"You will be safe to-night if you stay here then," she said, pleading with him with a voice that was full of cajolery and agitation. "I do not think they can harm you here. Come, sit down, and I will watch you while you sleep."

"I think you are unstrung, child," he answered quietly.

"Oh," she broke forth, "cannot you understand that I am pleading for your life? I would not speak without knowledge on mere secret fears. Stay and save your life."

"And to-morrow?" he asked lightly.

"To-morrow also you shall be safe," she replied; "that is my part. I have accomplished that at least."

"How do you mean?" he asked in astonishment; "what have you done to protect me? How can you, a girl?"

"I have taken such a step," she said swiftly and with some solemnity in her manner, "that no more plots shall be laid against you. You shall walk safely after to-morrow, and the wicked men that seek your life shall seek in vain."

"What is't you have done?" he asked puzzled.

She sobbed. "I have given up my brother to justice," she whispered.

"What!" he cried, "you have done this for me!"

"I have sent word of the plot—I have told of the Free-trade—he will be seized by the morrow. Oh, my love—sir, if you care one tittle for me, stay here to-night so that what I have done shall not be in vain."

Warburton answered her with no word, for of a truth he was astounded by this news and by the revelation of her sacrifice. He had not dreamed that she would rise to such an abnegation of her family, and confusedly he began to piece together his notions of her into a new woman. He had not understood her. He had refused to budge one foot for all her tears and entreaties, while she had voluntarily immolated her house and herself to preserve him in his obstinacy. Slowly a thought grew out of the chaos in his mind, and he caressed her hair softly, affectionately, but with abstraction.

"How did you send word, and to whom?" he asked slowly.

She told him in her whisper, breathing faster but now lower, in the pleasure of his touch—her face at his breast. As his hand moved on the lustrous glory of her hair it rested sharply, and he took it away.

"What is this?" he asked, "you are cut—you bleed."

"'Tis nothing," she whispered; "nothing, my love. I feel nothing."

"What is this, too, that you took for my sake?" he asked with his former slowness.

"'Tis nothing," she repeated, hiding her face on his breast. "I would suffer ten thousand times so little for your sake. I desire only to have you with me; and you will stay."

He set her gently aside. "No," he said, "I may not stay, but, indeed, I will not go to Marlock. I will not have you more generous than I. I will not be outbidden by any woman."

"What?" she asked, in alarm and dismay, not understanding.

He drew her close and kissed her lips; for all her whiteness and her fallen hair she looked more beautiful than ever before.

"Let that guard you, sweetheart," he said; "I will return."

"Whither do you go?" she asked anxiously.

"That letter must not reach the magistrate," he said with determination. "You have given up too much for me, God knows. I will not be outdone by you."

"What!" she cried, "you would intercept the letter, and destroy your only safeguard."

"You have given up too much for me, God knows," he repeated. "I never knew you. May I burn if I will suffer it. You shall not have your brother's death upon your conscience. You ask too much of yourself."

"Nay, nay, let it be, let it be," she pleaded in dismay.

He passed to the door, and as quickly halting on a new thought, cast back a glance of strange resolution; he had the aspect, so alien to his common habit, of one under the fire and influence of some exalted and unusual emotion. He returned to the girl, and slipping his hand within a pocket of his coat, brought forth a piece of paper.

"I leave it in your hands," he said, quietly. "Burn it. Destroy it. Let me find it gone when I return. 'Tis Bonaparte's letter." He went again to the door. "I bid you stay, Chloris," he said. "I will presently return, for there is still time to do what I wish," and lifting the latch he went forth.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE JUSTICE OF THE PEACE

THERE was wind in the grass when he set foot upon the dunes and turned his face towards Marlock. The justice, Mr. Powis, with whom he had a passing acquaintance, lived, as he was aware,

in a joint of two valleys far up under the brow of the moorland; and from what Chloris had let fall he calculated that he might reach the house on horseback from the village ere the foot messenger could arrive. To carry out this plan it was necessary that he should take a horse in Marlock, and his own was stabled at the Three Feathers, to which inn he bent his steps. The night was well advanced towards midnight when he entered the village, and, having roused the ostler with difficulty, had the nag saddled for the journey. The man regarded him suspiciously, and the noise of these preparations going abroad, he thought he saw the frightened countenance of Tremayne flattened against the glass of an upper window in the tavern. But he paid no heed, as in truth it would have been well to do, for no sooner was he upon the road, clattering inland out of Marlock, than the door of the inn opened and Tremayne stole forth with the air of conspiracy, and made his way down to a house by the edge of the sea. Out of this presently emerged Nicholas Carmichael, and now the ostler went through the same business in the stables with another horse, so that by eleven of the clock two horsemen were cantering up thecombe in the teeth of the rising wind, both solitary in the dark, and both commoved by warm and exhilarating feelings.

To Warburton the chase of this innocent messenger had come home with the excitement of the hunt; he pushed his horse ahead along the steep and rocky way, fearful lest he should have underestimated the time, and should be too late. The animal was upstanding and staunch and fresh, and thus it was that even Nicholas Carmichael, riding furiously, could make no way upon him. Somewhere, far off, the winds of the night brought down to him the sounds of his quarry, but he never drew near enough to set eyes on him under those pale stars. By rough woods and narrow lanes, along bridle-tracks and across open spurs of the hills rode Roger Warburton, and behind him, scarce half a mile distant, followed his pursuing fate. The vicinity of Laycross, as Mr. Powis's property was styled, was heavily clad with trees, so that they made thick night about the hamlet. Through this blackness Warburton rode up to the house and rang loudly upon the bell, for he could see a light burning through the lower windows, which told him that someone was yet astir. A sleepy-looking fellow answered the door, and to Warburton's direct question returned a negative. No messenger had arrived that night, and no letter had come to his master. Warburton's heart beat higher with satisfaction as he rode out of the gates and took up a post in the direct way towards the coast beneath the covering shadows of the summer trees. For once all thoughts of the Carmichaels had left him, and he was engrossed wholly with his errand, resolved to carry it out to the end.

He had not been in his place very long when there was the noise of a horse's hoofs upon the road, and he saw a rider approaching out of the ascent from Marlock. But this could not be the messenger who went on foot, and he stirred not from his shelter. The horseman pulled in, and stood silent in the middle of the road before Laycross, his long black figure visible in the faint light. Then he set his horse walking slowly forward, and as he faded away out of sight into the neutral night Warburton was aware of foot-steps that drew nigh. A man hopped over a stile and dropped into the road, then walked straight towards him.

"'Tis my man," says Warburton under his breath, and, moving his horse, hailed him.

The newcomer, who looked in the gloom to be a fine tall fellow, waited on the edge of the entrance to the park. Away in the night the second horseman reined in again, and turned his ear towards the voice.

"Look you, my good fellow," said Warburton, "you bear a letter to Mr. Powis, do you not?" The man made no reply. "Come, I know you do," pursued Warburton. "'Twas a lady sent you. You see I know all about it, and I am here to tell you that she has changed her mind, and does not desire it shall be delivered."

"What letter do you talk of?" asked the man.

"'Tis useless to pretend with me," said Warburton impatiently. "You are from Vincechallow, and I am here to obtain the letter from you. 'Tis not to go to Mr. Powis."

The man backed away, and answered nothing. "Come, fool," said Warburton, "I speak the truth. I am the lady's friend."

For reply the man darted swiftly forward, and was through the gate ere Warburton was aware of the trick. With an oath he followed, his horse lumbering over the beds and lawns which the fugitive had selected as his best way of escape. To pursue a flying runner on horseback among all these shrubs and spaces of darkness was obviously impossible, and he flung himself out of the saddle. But by this time the man had gained the doorway, and the bell pealed out in the courtyard, jangling inharmoniously on the quiet night. Ere Warburton could get to the house the sleepy servant had opened the door, the letter was delivered, and the officious and faithful messenger had slipped into the invisible from which he had come.

Warburton hesitated not, for his obstinate temper was now fully aroused. Drawing to the door he also rang, and, when the servant appeared, stared quickly at his hands, as if he expected to find the letter there.

"Is your master abed?" he asked, suppressing his disappointment. The man thought not, but would see, and Warburton followed on his heels, entering a small and comfortable room, a sort of study, brilliantly lighted, in which a small middle-aged man of equable face sat before a table reading.

He looked up in astonishment at the intrusion, and Warburton bowed. "I must ask your pardon, Mr. Powis, for this untimely interruption," said he, "but indeed I have some pressing business with you, as you shall see presently."

Mr. Powis turned up the lamp by him and examined his visitor anew, but without expression. "I doubt not that what is important to you, Mr. Warburton, will not fail to be important to me," he said slowly.

Warburton's glance quickly took in the circumstances of the room, with all its appointments, and came to rest upon a letter which lay by his host's hand, unopened, the superscription uppermost. The man-servant had already withdrawn.

The Justice of the Peace put down his book. "Will you take a seat, Mr. Warburton," said he with a civil gesture.

Warburton did not accept the invitation. "I am come here, sir, he began slowly and ponderously, "upon business which concerns a correspondent of yours."

"Indeed, sir," said the Justice, "who may that be?"
 "'Tis a woman, sir, who has writ what she should not have writ, and that which her friends desire her to withdraw."
 The Justice's eyes fell, almost as if by accident, upon the letter by his hand. "Does she desire to withdraw?" he asked.
 "She knows not what she did," replied Warburton. "She was distraught, being overtaken by a wild spirit, to which no heed should be paid. What she has written should not be for any eyes save her own."

"You refer to this letter which I have before me, I assume," answered Mr. Powis, nodding at the table. He took it in his fingers thoughtfully, and looked towards the young man. "You ask me to give this up to you unread?" he asked.

"Unopened, sir, unbroken," said Warburton bluntly.
 "Do you bear any authority from the writer to that effect?" inquired Mr. Powis, after a pause. "And, again, how shall I know if the writer be she whose authority you bear?"

"I carry no authority," said Warburton, curtly. "I ask you to take my word that this should not have been sent you."

"Mr. Warburton, you ask too much," said the other. "Am I to infer that this is addressed to me in my office as a Justice of the Peace or as a private man?"

"You may infer what you will," answered Warburton impatiently.
 "I give you my word of honour that the letter should not have been written."

"Come," said the Justice with a smile, "this is a queer request. I am no gallant, yet it might even be that I had found favour in a woman's eyes, even at my time."

"And such news her friends might desire should not reach you, sir," returned Warburton promptly.

"I understand that, sir," admitted Mr. Powis after a pause.
 "Yet you see I have no proof that this is so. Will you give me your word that it is as you say?"

"Sir, I have said before, you may infer anything you will. 'Tis only of importance that I have the letter," answered the younger man.

Mr. Powis sat back in his chair, still holding the letter. "Mr. Warburton," said he slowly, "you come of an excellent, a noble family, which has rendered great service to the State. I believe you to be an honourable man, as all that blood is honourable. Yet you puzzle me. I have had to take a course to-day which has been repugnant to me, but was thrust upon me by an urgent information—an affidavit, in fact. Is it on this business that you are here?"

"I know nothing of what you speak of," said Warburton staring.
 "I am only here to get that letter as I have informed you."

A frown of perplexity disturbed the still features of the Justice. He appeared to hesitate. "Perhaps, now that you are here," he went on, "my precautions may prove to have been unnecessary. If you have no objection I should like to have some talk with you."

"Sir, my business is with the letter first; after that I am at your service," said Warburton bluntly, for it struck him that he was being played with and the matter in hand indefinitely postponed.

"I think you are not one, sir, who, holding some information of interest to the law, would conceal it?" asked Mr. Powis, paying no heed to this piece of impatience.

An access of colour charged Warburton's face, as the magistrate scrutinised him in the bright light. "I am not fetch-and-carry for the law," he replied.

Mr. Powis straightened himself. "I regret, Mr. Warburton, that your request is impossible to grant," he said formally. "It is absurd that you should think I could entertain it."

Warburton took a breath deeply, which was one of strenuous resolution; he would not budge, but he did not desire to be forced on arbitrary action.

"Let me put a fact before you, sir," he pleaded. "What I am asking you to do is to save a woman from herself, to preserve her self-respect for her and her peace of mind. If you refuse me you commit this woman perhaps to a life-long remorse, and to the punishment of her own bitter regret. I do not ask of you anything that in any way affects myself, only a woman who is weak and has suffered through the weakness of her sex."

"The poverty of that sex, sir," responded the magistrate, "is no plea for the alms of Justice. I can entertain no such proposal from you. I open this letter, and I shall read here what is written. If there is anything that I should know, you may trust me to act; but if there is some mistake, and I am listening to the improper confidences of a headstrong or hysterical girl, you may rest assured 'twill go no further—the news shall perish with me in this room."

"That is not enough, sir," said Warburton. "I have asked more and I will be content with no less. I am not here to be beaten down. You force me, sir, upon a course I would rather not take."

Mr. Powis considered him. "You mean that you would use violence to gain your end?" he said. "Well, Mr. Warburton, I am no rustic; I have been a lawyer in London, and I think I can give you a clear notion how the law stands. Let me tell you that you would stand to it in a very dangerous predicament."

"It is unnecessary to waste words, sir," interrupted Warburton.
 "I have given you warning. Yonder I see is a clock, and I will give you two minutes to make up your mind."

The magistrate looked at the clock, and it seemed of a sudden to have jumped into consciousness; the long pendulum swung with a slow and dignified click, and the weights creaked near the floor. Under his hand a stiff sheet of parchment crackled, and he cast his eyes down upon it.

"I would you were come, sir," he said in his cool voice, as if the last words had not been uttered. "I would you had come on some other business. If it had been for this affidavit you had come, I would have been content. Upon my soul, I believe you should have had it on your bare word."

"I know nothing of any affidavit," said Warburton. "Sir, I would draw your attention to the clock."

Mr. Powis followed his glance, and then, impeccably calm, revisited Warburton's face. On neither countenance was any trace of emotion.

"You are between me and the bell, sir," said the magistrate.
 "Again you are a stronger man and younger. I think you must be twice my weight."

"I am taking this advantage of you to-night," was Warburton's answer. "I am, as you will admit, sir, carrying it through as

gently and mildly as I may. To-morrow it will be another matter. I am at your disposal when and where you will."

"You mistake; not at my disposal, but at the disposal of that force I represent—the law," said Mr. Powis quietly.

Warburton shrugged his shoulders. "The time is up," he said, and, advancing, put out a hand for the letter which now lay upon the table. The magistrate watched him out of his deep-set eyes, but moved not, and the letter was between Warburton's fingers. He put it in the breast of his coat, and made for the door.

"I shall be at your disposition, sir, after to-night," he repeated.

Mr. Powis answered nothing, merely bowed his head, and continued to regard him softly as he disappeared through the doorway.

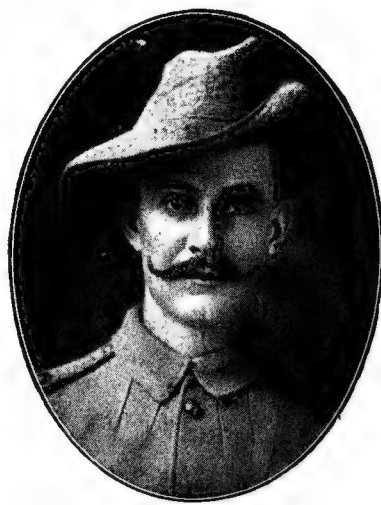
(To be continued)

A Gallant Trooper

MR. ROBERT UFLON CASE was twenty-four years of age. Before he left for India three and a half years ago he was a prominent member of Eastbourne Football Club. He went to India in October, 1897. He came by his death while pluckily remaining to assist Lieutenant Crane, who had been wounded, also well known in Eastbourne. The incident was connected with the fight south-east of Spytfontein, near Kree Kloof, on April 30, when Lumsden's Horse first met the enemy. Among the "gentlemen rankers" in

the company rosters of the Colonial troops, says the *Eastbourne Chronicle*, are many young men who have grown up together, and who have been associated in school and college, and afterwards perhaps in business. One may be an officer, the other a private, but old ties hold fast. In the ranks of Lumsden's Horse were four young fellows who had known one another from boyhood. Their names were Daubeney, Case, Firth and Crane.

The last two were intimate friends, and all were indigo planters of Behar. Crane was an officer, Firth a corporal, and the other two privates. When the retreat was ordered Lumsden's Horse had been holding the top of a bare, unprotected kopje, and were the last to receive the order. They found themselves unexpectedly upon the flank, the Victorian Rifles having already left the position. Lieut. Crane, with his company, was holding the most exposed part, and suffering from the concentrated rifle fire and shrapnel, but no old soldier could have held his ground more bravely. Near the young officer stood his two friends. A Boer bullet aimed by a sharpshooter told to pick off the leaders struck Crane in the head and he fell forward and for a time lay insensible. Just at that moment the belated order to retreat reached them from the rear, and their perilous position was understood. The men of Lumsden's Horse on the left fell back, but when Lieutenant Crane recovered consciousness he found his three friends still by him. They tried to carry him back, but Daubeney was wounded, and they were forced to lay their burden down. Crane entreated them to leave him but they would not go. The Boers were advancing, but they thought that they could hold them back until help came to them. They were good shots, and actually for a time, in the face of a terrific enfilading fire, these three men stemmed the enemy's approach. But the Boers were good shots also. Firth was killed by a bullet through the body, and Case shortly afterwards was shot dead and lay with his cheek resting on his rifle butt. Daubeney, though weak from wounds, continued to fire until he could hold his rifle no longer. When the Boers at last reached the spot, beside each man lay a little tell-tale pile of empty cartridge cases.



TROOPER R. U. CASE
 Killed while trying to save Lieutenant Crane, of Lumsden's Horse

The Powder Magazine Explosion in Johannesburg

SOME short time since a smokeless powder magazine at Messrs. Begbie and Company's works in Johannesburg exploded with disastrous results, causing the deaths of thirty people, and injuries to nearly sixty others. The buildings in the neighbourhood of the explosion were utterly wrecked. Mr. Begbie, jun., it may be



VIEW OF THE WRECKED FACTORY

remembered, was arrested by the Boers on suspicion in connection with the disaster, and was remanded on a charge of murder, bail being refused. The charge, however, was proved to be unfounded, and Mr. Begbie was acquitted. Our illustration is from a photograph by L. Moseley, Johannesburg.

The Gystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTTLE

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

RECENTLY, as a reward for general good conduct and close attention to my studies, I have been taking a brief holiday in the most beautiful part of Gloucestershire. The season is backward, no doubt, but I have had a rare taste of the early delights of the country, the charm of fresh foliage and a delightful experience of beauty and blossom. The delicate hues of the apple and pear trees had hardly departed, and the gardens were gay with the glory of golden laburnum, and the luxuriance of sweet-scented lilac added a charm to the atmosphere which was re-echoed in a different key by the snow-laden thorns in the hedgerows. The chestnut, notwithstanding its popularity, could not compete with the dazzling brilliancy of the May bush, nor could the red chestnut rival the beauty of the pink thorn. There was a grace about the hardly developed foliage that only lasts for a few days, and which, at the present moment, has well-nigh departed. Seeing all these things, and a great deal more that I have no space to chronicle, I fell to a-wondering why we still persist in having the London season at the wrong time of the year.

Formerly the exigencies of shooting and hunting were a sufficient excuse for the present arrangement, but nowadays, by reason of railway facilities, so much sport can be enjoyed from town that there seem but few obstacles against establishing the season at a sensible time of year. Let the Parliamentary session run from November till March and the thing would soon be accomplished. The short days which are so wearisome in the country would be lively enough in London, and by the common-sense arrangement indicated everyone would get the very best of the country and the town. As it is, I know not a few people whose beautiful gardens are for the most part devoted to the enjoyment of the gardener, and who rarely see their rural retreats when they are actually in the highest perfection.

The death of the Prince de Joinville reminds me that the first vagary of fashion that I can remember—and I began to take notice pretty early—was the "Joinville Tie." Whether it was invented by the late Prince, or was worn by him, I am unable to say, but for a time it was, I am inclined to think, very popular. It was neither a scarf, nor a stock, nor a sailor's knot, nor a bow, and I am not aware that anything like it has been seen round the British fashionable neck since the period alluded to. It was the first stage of a bow, but instead of the ends being tucked in, they were allowed to stand out straight. The tie itself was generally of a stiff material, and the ends were fringed—reminding one somewhat of a huge Christmas cracker—and the nearer the ends approached the shoulders the more of a "swell"—to use the language of those times—the wearer was supposed to be. If he had to enter a door sideways, or required a hansom all to himself to accommodate his tie, he was considered to be quite the D'Orsay of the moment. You will, if I mistake not, find this eccentric neckerchief duly chronicled in the pages of *Punch* by John Leech.

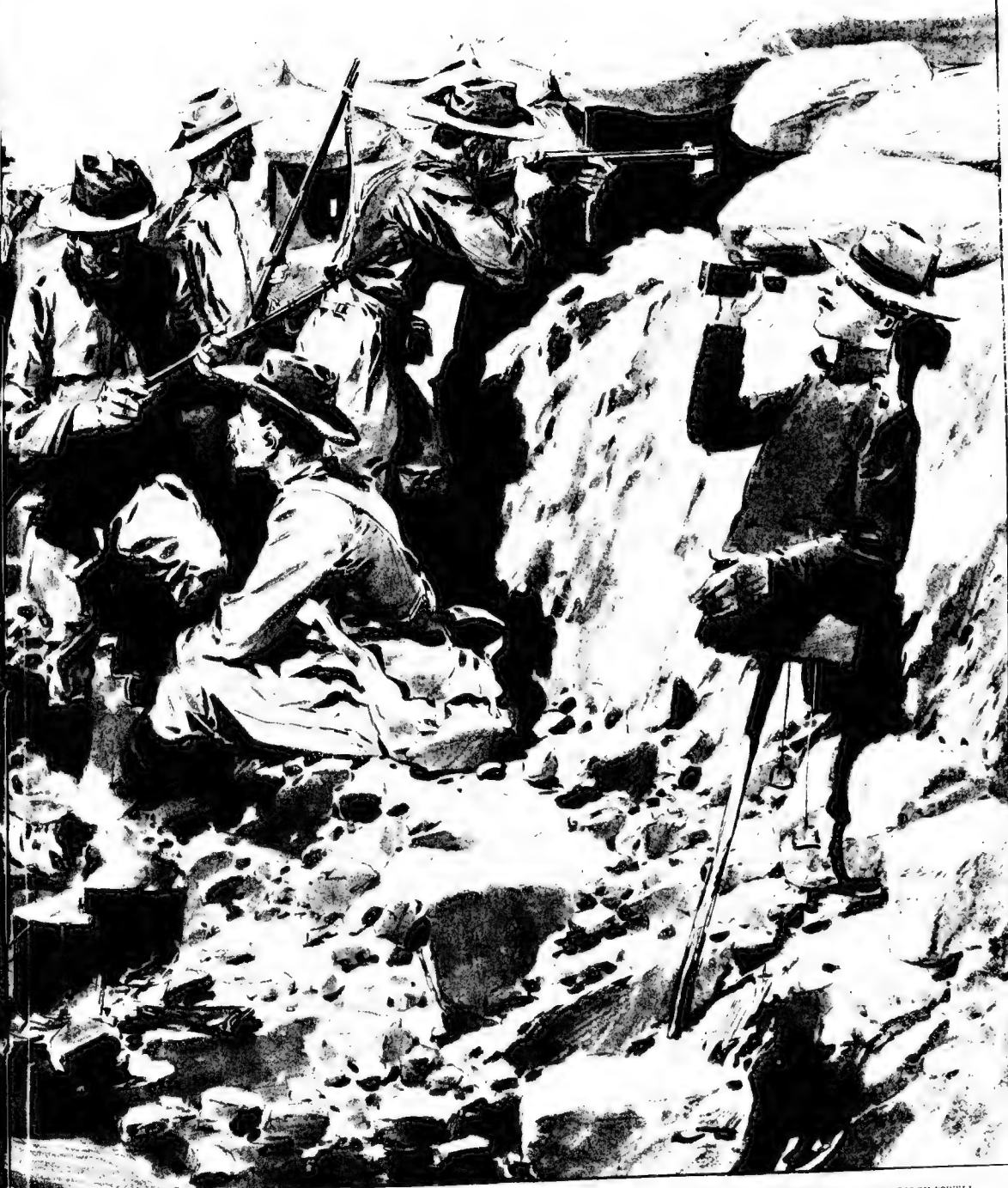
Some time ago I mentioned that a lady complained to me of the misery of sitting at dinner next to what she called a "labelled author," and being compelled to hear all about his distinguished self and his distinguished works, of which she then heard for the first time. Though I knew something of this before, I had no idea that the nuisance had attained such alarming dimensions. However, if you read an amusing little article, entitled "The Literary Cove," in a recent number of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, you may see the "labelled author" is a live nuisance that requires promptly extinguishing. After all, he is not a real author, but probably may be numbered among the third-rate, over-boomed mediocrities so deservedly satirised by Du Maurier in *Punch*. Probably, it is because Mr. *Punch* has let them alone lately that they have once more begun to flourish.

It has been said, with a very considerable amount of reason, that an Englishman has no idea of urban decoration beyond red cloth. I am sadly afraid this is true, and every one can remember how sick we became of the festal garments of the streets in Jubilee time. Positive reds, such as crimson, scarlet and vermillion, are only effective when used in very small quantities. It is to be feared there is a danger of our making the Jubilean decorative blunders permanent, and if we do not take care London will be rendered hideous just for want of a little common sense and forethought. We are "painting the town red" literally, and not in the sense usually understood by our American friends. Our pillar letter-boxes are red, our lamp-bearers are red, our posts are red, and now a great many of our shops are adopting staring red blinds, which are absolutely offensive to the eye. What with mail-carts, Cricklewood and Hammersmith omnibuses, shoeblacks, Salvationists, hotel porters, boiled lobsters in the fishmongers' shops, in addition to the decorative vagaries already spoken of, London is suffering from a scarlet fever that is very wearisome, and from which we should be glad to be relieved.

From various communications I have received I find that the substitution of M.C.M. for 1900 is likely to be very popular and will be generally adopted. Many of my correspondents are using it, and it may now be seen on various publications. A question has arisen whether it is the legal way of writing the date. Not being a lawyer I am unable to speak with authority on this subject. But I should say the only strictly legal method of inscribing the year would be in words—One thousand nine hundred. I am asked whether M.C.M. could be used on cheques. I should think so. At any rate it could be easily tried. If your bankers did not approve of it you would soon know by your cheque being speedily returned uncashed. Possibly the person to whom you gave the cheque would be annoyed, but you must remember when investigating legal points you cannot please everybody. What I complain of is, having cheque books dated 18—, I have to erase the 8, substitute the 9, and initial the alteration every time I draw a cheque. I should be glad to know if having the book stamped M.C.M. would help me out of this difficulty.



The Garrison



FROM A SKETCH BY LIEUTENANT-GENERAL R. S. S. BADEN-POWELL

General Baden-Powell writes:—"The advanced trench in the 'Brickfield' was garrisoned by the Colonial Contingent. It was pushed out to within sixty yards of the Boer trench. Our

men plied the enemy with grenades and bombs, which Sergeant Page (champion sea-fishing line-caster of Port Elizabeth) threw with a fishing-rod. The rifle shooting was so accurate at this

close range that the ordinary sandbag loopholes were no protection, and we used steel loopholes. The garrison also used a very well-made mechanical dummy to draw the

enemy's fire. The enemy eventually had to evacuate their position under the telling fire of this advanced trench."

INGENIOUS TACTICS AT MAFEKING: INCIDENTS OF THE FIGHT FOR THE BRICKFIELDS



MEMORANDA OF A ROUNDABOUT TOUR.

BY MARY STUART BOYD AND A. S. BOYD.

VI.—FROM SAN FRANCISCO HOMEWARDS

At Honolulu our vessel shipped an amazing number of voyagers—so many, indeed, that, for the accommodation of male saloon passengers, a corridor, in close proximity to the engines, had to be fitted up with three tiers of berths; and prognosticating folks became gloomy when, as we tossed on the way San Francisco-wards, they found their waking thoughts dominated by the knowledge that, in case of disaster, the ship's boats would hold only a proportion of those on board.



JUVENILE SAN FRANCISCO

Our newly acquired female travelling companions were a strangely mannered company. We did not know whether we disliked them more when they were vehemently and obtrusively seasick in cabins adjacent to our own, or when, having recovered, they appeared at all the meals, including dinner, wearing cloth caps.

The ways of the United States Customs are strange. When nearing America, the purser of the *Mariposa* presented each passenger with a document to fill up setting forth the number and nature of his belongings, and declaring whether or not they contained any dutiable articles. Then, on entering San Francisco harbour, the ship slowed down, while an official from the Customs boat, sent out to intercept us, stationed himself in the saloon, and the voyagers, forming a long queue, individually interviewed him,



A GAME THEY CAN ALL UNDERSTAND

presenting their formally signed declarations, and receiving a card in exchange.

"How nice! What a good plan to get this over before reaching the wharf," chorused the novices. "Now we won't have any bother on landing."



FUTURITY

Within the rope-railed enclosure on the quay the luggage was grouped, and speedily identifying ours we presented the card, anticipating instant freedom. "Oh," said the officer who received the ticket, "cabin trunks, open them, please; portmanteaux, unlock them; soiled linen bag, open that; rug-strap, undo that," and so on, until every item, even to our tea-basket, had been rummaged.

And all around us fumed exasperated people whose baggage was undergoing the same exhaustive scrutiny. We quitted the wharf wishing some Solomon would arise who could disclose the hidden wisdom of these futile preliminary documents and delays.

"Say now, have you been to Cliff House to see the seals?" is the first question asked the tourist at San Francisco; and thither we lost no time in going. But we must confess that to sit in a many-windowed chamber overhanging the sea, sipping ice-cream-soda and watching the State-protected seals sporting on the rocks beyond, was a tempered joy, and one that speedily palled.

To us the interest of the City of the Golden Gate centred in Chinatown, within whose precincts we constantly see-sawed between delight at its picturesque inhabitants and disgust at the gruesome nature of their habits and tastes. The visitor to Chinatown usually goes there at night, under the care of a guide, who, on considera-

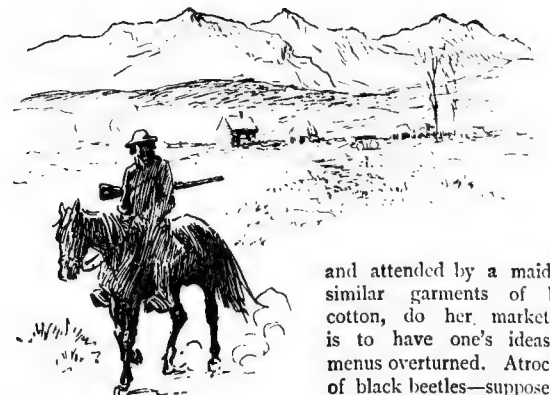


A LADIES' MAN

tion of his fee, treats his charge to peeps at a Joss house, an opium den, and the theatre. But to gain a thorough appreciation of Chinatown one must loiter about its gaudily bedecked alleys by daylight, and view the Celestials at their ordinary avocations. A real bit of artistic China is to be found in the principal restaurant. On one of our visits a quiet nook in the characteristically decorated upper dining-room was occupied by a silent gambling party, men of position, to judge by the appalling length of their finger-nails. The game in process was a species of domino-poker, and evidently the stakes—cat's-eyes or moonstones, which lay in tiny heaps before each player—were valuable, for the quartette was so engrossed in the game as to be quite unconscious of observation.

Undoubtedly the most popular professions in Chinatown are those of barber or of fortune-teller. Nearly every third shop exhibited a bill stating that clients might have their heads shaved and ears cleaned for twenty-five cents; while, on Sundays especially, each street corner held its soothsayer—I counted three in one small passage-way—who, sitting behind a little table, looking like some solemn, pig-tailed spider, spread his web of cabalistic signs. There was certainly no lack of flies.

To watch a Chinese lady, attired in black satin coat and trousers,



A DESERT SETTLEMENT

and attended by a maid in similar garments of blue cotton, do her marketing, is to have one's ideas of menus overturned. Atrocities of black beetles—supposed to be fattening in spring-time—odorous dried fish, decayed black eggs, and strings of

alternate lumps of dried meat and fat she selects most carefully for the maid to pack into her basket.

The humours and discomforts of the American cars are worthy a page to themselves. At dusk the carriages are transformed into long, narrow corridors, walled on either side by double tiers of closely curtained sleeping berths; and into these low-roofed, cramped bunks each passenger—still fully robed—crawls or scrambles. Such a thing as a ladies' compartment is unknown. One's neighbours are of what sex or manners the fates will; and timorous old ladies are wont to suffer tortures of apprehension behind their enshrouding and suffocating curtains.

One thing that surprised us in our American fellow-travellers was the affability, not to say familiarity, wherewith the more skittish of the Sadies and Mamies treated an obtrusive negro porter. They chatted, giggled, and shared their popcorn and lollies with him; while he, flattered to the top of his bent, neglected all else, and sat among them, rolling his eyes and grinning fatuously.

So far as our experience went, the moccassined Indian of romance is no more. He has degenerated into a taciturn, hard-featured being, clad in slovenly European dress, with perhaps a hint of the



INDIANS ON OUR TRACK



A HOME OF THE LATE BRIGHAM YOUNG

barbarian showing in his brilliant neckerchief or vivid hat ribbon. His glory has departed; he rides across the vast alkali plains, or hangs about the stations, wearing an expression of impenetrable gloom.

Salt Lake City impressed us as being both dusty and dowdy. Everything in it was for use, nothing for show. There was not an evergreen shrub to be seen, and most of the buildings sadly lacked a fresh coat of paint.

The people are utterly uninteresting; and the city has a niggardly aspect that is depressing, and unlike that of any other American town we visited. In illustration of the Mormons' reluctance to expend money on things that are merely for show, it may be mentioned that though it was pleasant April weather, the only visible signs of floriculture were a dozen hyacinths which bloomed—six to each garden—in the front yards of two of the smartest houses. At the side of the principal hotel a patch of barren soil,



IN COLORADO SPRINGS



FISHING IN MICHIGAN

about the size of a large tablecloth, and absolutely void even of a blade of grass, bore the surely ironical inscription—"This ground is reserved for the use of guests of the hotel!"

The famous Amelia Palace, erected by Brigham Young as the residence of his favourite wife, strongly resembles a commonplace suburban villa. Just across the road from it stands the "Lion House," a row of dwellings of varied sizes, presumably so-called because the Lion of Utah kept a large portion of his menagerie within their dove-coloured walls.

The great Tabernacle, which externally looks exactly like an inverted pie-dish supported on pillars, its pews, to judge by the residue of nut-shells, orange-peel and cracker crumbs left in them, seems to be a favourite lunching-place with the saints. The modern Temple, whose doors are barred to the "Gentile," we viewed only from the outside.

Colorado Springs, our next resting-place, is a dainty little city, deserving of a pilgrimage were it only for a sight of the awe-inspiring beauties of the Garden of the Gods; a veritable Paradise, the richness and individuality of whose colouring are emphasized by the proximity of the snowy grandeur of Pike's Peak.

Chicago is bright, charming and gay. Its citizens are alert and enterprising, and its houses are fitted up with so many clever labour-saving contrivances that we quitted it with the belief that there are more inventive geniuses in Chicago than in all the rest of the universe.



A JUSTICE OF THE PEACE

The glory of the World's Fair has long departed. The Field Museum, the model of Columbus's refuge, La Robida, and the models of his ships alone remain as memento of the furore-arousing spectacle of '93. Decaying woodwork marks the site of the

enchanted fairy fountain; and from a long jetty that during the Fair supported a much-frequented casino fishermen daily catch scores of perch.

We visited a petty Court where justice was served hot in a room having the appearance of a private office, and where the Law Giver, a typical Uncle Sam, tried cases with his feet cocked up on a table, and a spittoon within easy reach.

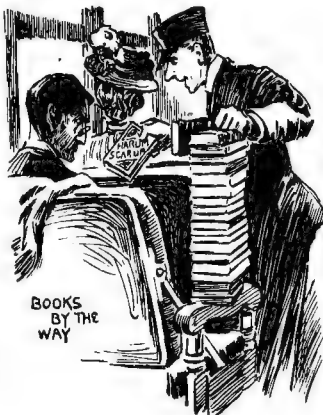
A lively, if incomprehensible sight, is the Chicago "Wheat Ring." Onlookers are admitted to a gallery in the Board of Trade, commanding a good view of the raised, octagonal platform, where some hundreds of men jostle each other, shouting vociferously the while. The cries and excitement increase at times to such a pitch that one expects the rabble to lose complete self-control and rend each other in pieces. A man in a box raised above the heads of the throng appeared to direct the proceedings in a way not obvious to the spectator. The sight of this bear-garden is so entertaining that one is disposed to regret that the London Stock Exchange transacts its business within closed doors.



WHITES BLACKING

to purchase one of the pile of new novels he offers, and the vendor, setting you down as a material being, will return speedily laden with chewing-gum, cracker Jack, and bananas. Should these fail to tempt, he concludes that your tastes are purely domestic, and quickly reappears at your elbow bearing specimens of Mexican lace tablecloths or hideous mosaic ornaments.

The atmosphere and feeling of New York seemed to us so reminiscent of Paris that we wondered



BOOKS BY THE WAY

at the spirits of good Americans taking the trouble to cross the Atlantic. The sidewalks were busy, but, owing to the overhead traffic, the comparative infrequency of private carriages, and the horselessness of the trams, the streets are much less crowded than those of London.

American parents have a mania for dressing their children absurdly. The San Francisco infants when at play are engulfed in huge trousers overalls of holland, and in Central Park, New York, on a Sunday afternoon, so many youngsters are clad in a travesty of naval or military uniform that it is like a juvenile fancy dress ball. One within we met wore the costume of a comic opera French admiral; another was clad according to a fashion of the early part of the century. Many extraordinary tartans and other eccentric combinations of colour decked the girls, but it was the rainbow-hued vestiture and the smug self-satisfaction of a negro family that afforded us most amusement.

Slavery, among negroes at least, has certainly been abolished. It



SUNDAY IN CENTRAL PARK

was no uncommon thing to see a nigger loll in a boot-black's open-air establishment, while the proprietors exerted themselves to the utmost to bring his boots to the requisite degree of polish. And in Central Park we saw a benevolent-looking negro, attired in superfine broadcloth and gold spectacles, taking an airing in his handsome carriage, with a white coachman and footman on the box.

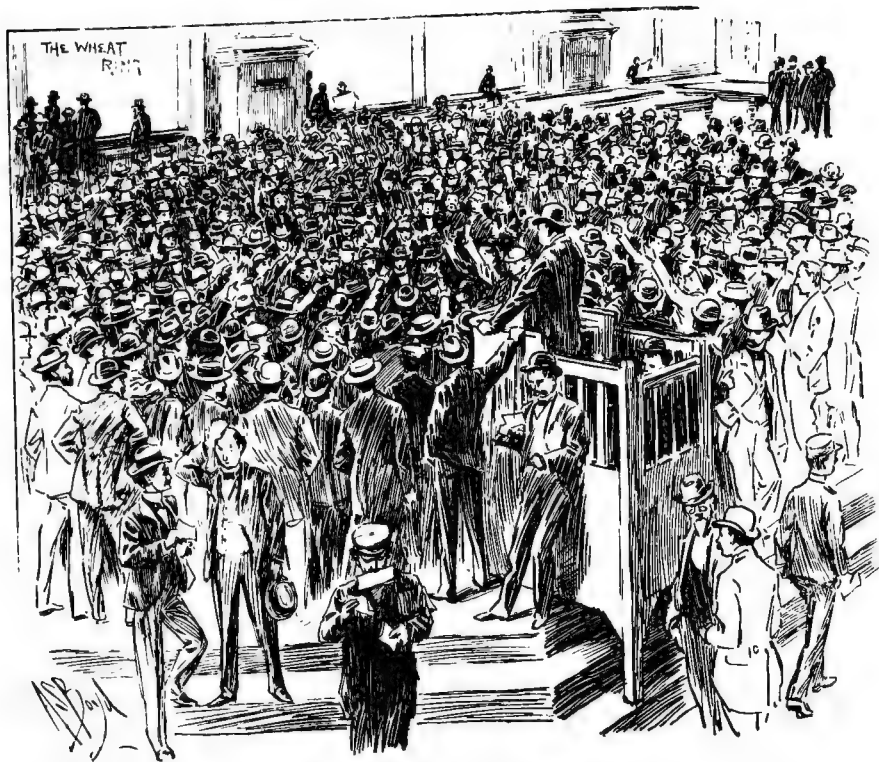
After our wanderings, to step on board a liner bound for Liverpool felt like embarking on some trivial excursion. At Vavau the natives threw their wreaths after their departing friends, at Honolulu they encircled them with flowers, while American adorners sweetened the parting from their Sadies and Mamies with so many boxes of



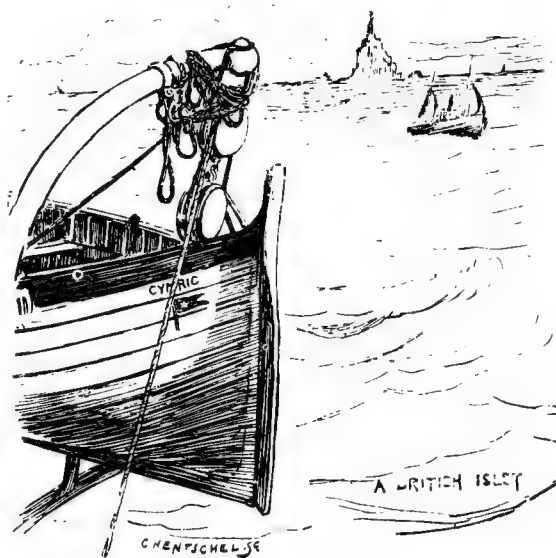
PARTING TOKENS

candies that the saloon was in danger of becoming blocked. There were flower trophies too, blossoms in baskets, and large single roses cut with a long stalk, but the sweets were greatly in the majority. The *Cymric* was a steady leviathan, and the ocean not too unkind, so probably the subsequent blanks at table were as much owing to a plethora of confections as to the action of the waves.

A few days' pleasant voyage brought us to the Fastnet light. We had reached Europe, and we were obliged to confess that we did not know whether joy at nearing home, or regret that the holiday was ended, was our keener feeling!



THE WHEAT RING



A BRITISH ISLET



CAPTAIN G. P. ELLISON
Died of enteric at Kroonstad



LIEUTENANT J. F. POLLOK
Died of wounds received at Bappisfontein



LIEUTENANT W. B. L. ALT
Killed near Pretoria



LIEUTENANT R. J. J. JELF, R.E.
Invalided home and died on the voyage



LIEUT.-COLONEL A. BAIRD DOUGLAS
Killed at Roodeval

Victims of the War

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL A. BAIRD DOUGLAS, of the 4th Battalion the Derbyshire Regiment, was killed at Roodeval on the 7th inst. He was the senior major of the 3rd (Militia) Battalion of the Cameron Highlanders, in which he was seconded for service with the 4th Battalion of the Derbyshire Regiment. He received his first commission in 1872, and was on the Reserve of Officers. In civil life Colonel Douglas held the position of secretary of the Junior United Service Club, Charles Street, St. James's.

Captain George Paget Ellison, 9th Lancers, died at Kroonstad on the 7th inst., of enteric fever. Born December 7, 1868, the second son of Colonel R. G. Ellison, of Boultham Hall, Lincolnshire, he joined the 9th Lancers as second lieutenant August 22, 1888; became lieutenant January 4, 1890; and captain December 15, 1895. He joined the staff of Major-General the Hon. R. Tallot at Aldershot as A.D.C. May 13, 1896, and went in the same capacity to Egypt in January, 1899, vacating his appointment in October last in order

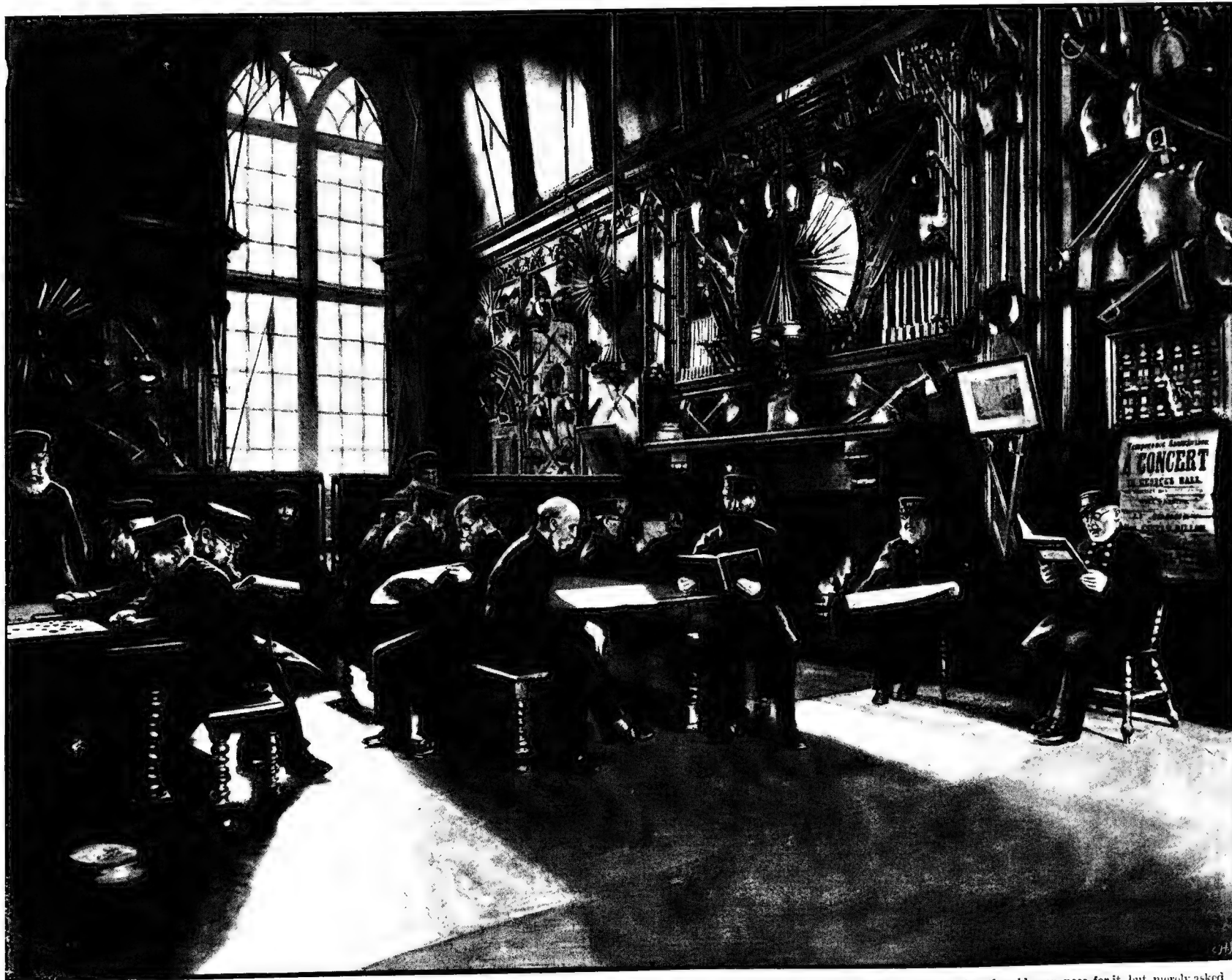
to proceed on active service. Our portrait is by Mayall and Co., Piccadilly.

Lieutenant W. B. L. Alt, of the City Imperial Volunteers, was killed in the recent fighting east of Pretoria—the first officer of that corps to fall in action. Lieutenant Alt was the son of Colonel W. J. Alt, V.D., commanding the 22nd Middlesex (Central London Rangers) Volunteer Rifle Corps. He received a commission in 1897 in his father's regiment, of which he was appointed captain a few months ago. He was one of the youngest officers in the City Imperial Volunteers, for he was only twenty-two years old when he was gazetted, in January last, a lieutenant in the regiment. At that time he was at New College, Oxford, of which he had been a member three years. By Old Cliftonians Lieutenant Alt will be best remembered as a distinguished athlete, who did much to heighten the reputation of that school. Our portrait is by Eva Le Mesurier and Winifred Marshall, Kensington.

Lieutenant Richard John J. Jelf, R.E., died at sea on his homeward voyage from South Africa. He was the eldest son of Colonel R. H. Jelf, C.M.G., commanding Royal Engineers, Eastern

District, and was born January 4, 1872. He was educated at Eton and the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, and obtained his commission February 12, 1892, becoming lieutenant February 12, 1895. He was selected for service in the Telegraph Battalion when he left from Gibraltar, and was sent to South Africa in October last. After serving at De Aar and up to the Modder River, he was transferred with his section of the Telegraph Battalion to Sir R. Buller's command in Natal, and virtually acted as Director of Telegraphs to that officer throughout all his operations up to and including the relief of Ladysmith. His health subsequently broke down, and he was invalided home in the troopship *Dileware*, and died on June 2. In September last he married Violet, daughter of General Sir Richard Harrison, Inspector-General of Fortifications. Our portrait is by Wyrall and Son, Aldershot.

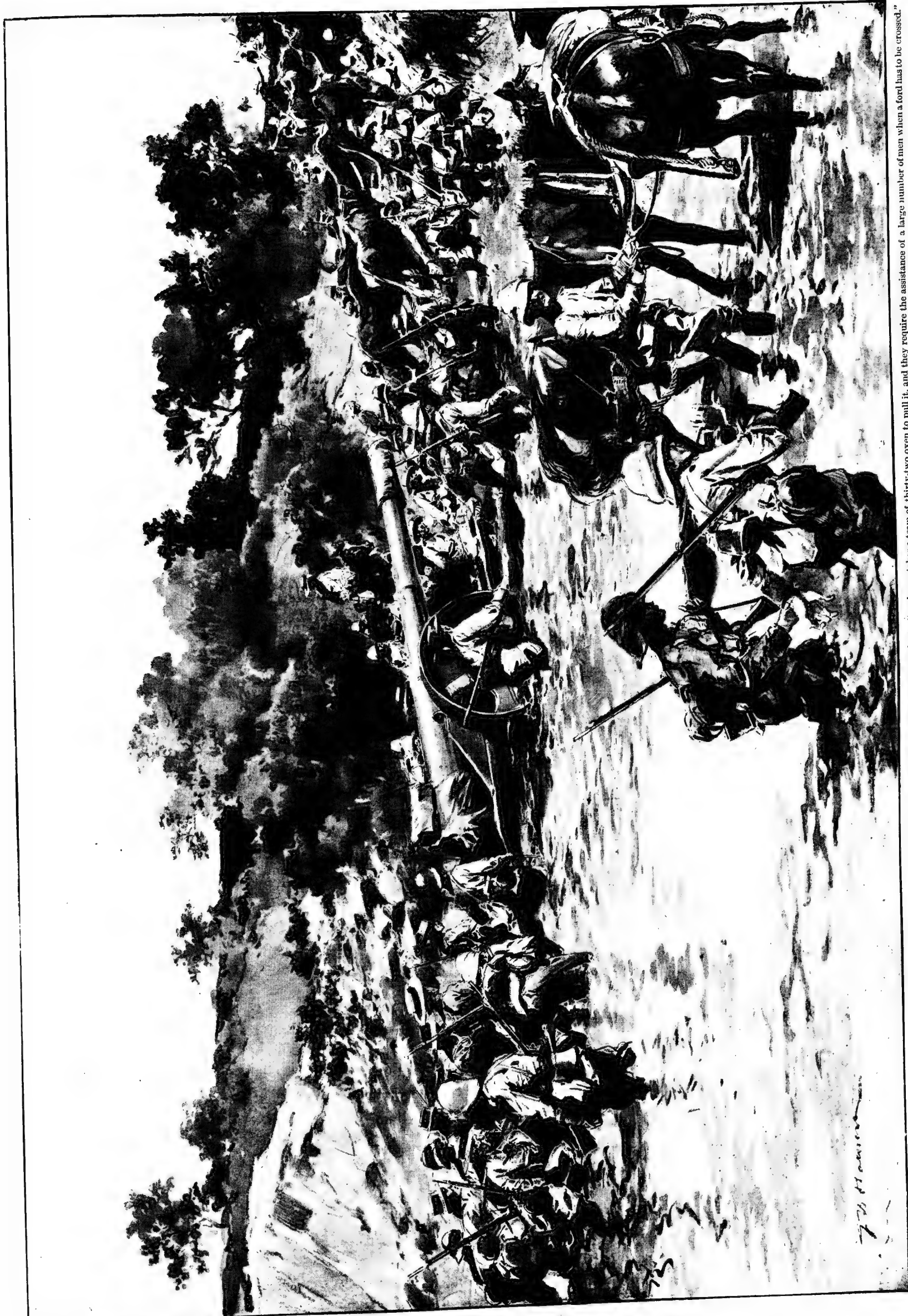
Second Lieutenant J. F. Pollok, of the 9th Lancers, died of wounds received at Bappisfontein. Born September 19, 1871, third son of the late John Pollok, J.P., D.L., of Lismany, co. Galway, and of Ronachan, Ayrshire, he joined the regiment as Second Lieutenant January 4, 1899. Our portrait is by Mayall and Co., Piccadilly.



The Royal Hospital for Ancient and Maimed Officers and Soldiers, Kilmainham, is situated in grounds adjoining Phoenix Park. It was founded in 1679 by Charles II., and is often called the Irish "Chelsea." The Master of the Hospital is the officer commanding the Forces in Ireland. Our illustration is from a

photograph by George M. Roche, who took it without making the old men pose for it, but merely asked them to stay where they were when he came into the room.

IN THE EVENING OF THEIR DAYS: VETERANS IN THE ROYAL HOSPITAL, KILMAINHAM



"The transport of heavy guns is one of the most serious obstacles to our speedy advance when our route is not a railway line," writes a Correspondent; "each gun takes a team of thirty-two oxen to pull it, and they require the assistance of a large number of men when a ford has to be crossed."

TAKING A 4.7 NAVAL GUN INTO ACTION: CROSSING A FORD NEAR PAARDEBERG



COMMANDANT-GENERAL LOUIS BOTHA
The Boer Commander-in-Chief

Chronicle of the War

By CHARLES LOWE

PERHAPS the most significant piece of news reported from Pretoria during the past week was the fact that Lord Roberts gave a farewell dinner to the military representatives of the Powers attached to his headquarters, previous to their starting for Cape Town on their way home—attachés, said one correspondent, "who all express their high admiration of the conduct of the British Army." The departure of those foreign attachés may be taken as a conviction on their part that the serious part of the war is over, that it will now rapidly tail out in scattered guerilla operations, and that it can have little or nothing further to offer them in the way of insight into the new tactics. From all parts of the seats of war, indeed, save from certain districts of our Orange River Colony, the past week has brought us little but news of the collapse and giving in on the part of the Boers, and the surrender even of such commandants as Smit, Schoeman, and Snyman, the latter-day besieger of Mafeking, who has been warmest in his admiration of the valour of its defender. Sir Charles Warren reported that the rebellion in the north of Cape Colony had been extinguished, and, among other things, he had the satisfaction of receiving the surrender of the De Villiers commando of 220 men, 280 horses, 18 waggons, 260 rifles, and 100,000 rounds of ammunition. In the western parts our method of pacification is to garrison strategic parts like Vryburg, Zeerust and Rustenburg, and to send out therefrom frequent patrols. As the administrator of the Rustenburg district, Lord Edward Cecil has "collected" well on to 4,000 rifles, and captured Commandant Steyn, with two hostile field cornets and a couple of guns. To Rustenburg Baden-Powell returned after paying a flying visit to Pretoria, where he was most cordially received by Lord Roberts and the population of the capital. On his return journey "B.P." found the Boers very pacific and cordial, and many of them came a long way to see and shake hands with the hero of Mafeking. Lord Roberts himself has been comparatively quiescent since his defeat of Louis Botha at Diamond Hill, after which he would appear to have received from the Boer Generalissimo armistice and even peace overtures, which, however, came to nothing. Louis Botha has probably now not more than 6,000 burghers under his command, a number which is being rapidly diminished by daily desertions.

Strategic Movements

As a consequence of this lull at Pretoria the despatches of Lord Roberts for the past week have dealt less with his own movements than with those of his subordinate generals, and with his plans for winding up the war in the Orange River Colony, which he regarded as the most pressing task on hand after brushing away the Boers of Botha from the neighbourhood of Pretoria. The curious thing is that the crushing of resistance to our arms in Mr. Steyn's quondam State should have cost us so much futile trouble, considering that there is now a war-tried and fully-equipped British army of no less than about six Divisions scattered up and down the Colony, as compared with the estimated force of, say, 8,000 Boers at the disposal of Commandant De Wet and Mr. Steyn—the former in the north with about 2,000, and the ex-President with the remainder in the Bethlehem-Ficksburg parts, confronting General Rundle. But their field of operations has been gradually restricted, and a great move was made towards their final subjugation and capture when Sir Redvers Buller, with the bulk of his force, reached Standerton on one hand, while, on the other, Ian Hamilton—who has had the misfortune to fall from his horse and break his collar-bone—pushed down to Heidelberg from Pretoria, and thus completed the isolation of the Free Staters from the Transvaalers.

Buller's Advance

As for Buller, he had made, as usual, a splendidly rapid advance from Volksrust to Standerton—his troops marching

twenty-four miles on the last of their three days' advance, though his vanguard, consisting of a cavalry brigade under Dundonald, only reached the town to find that the railway bridge over the Vaal had been blown up by the retreating Boers, who trekked off in the direction of Ermelo, after doing this and burning an immense stack of 60,000 sleepers. But they had left behind them a large quantity of rolling stock, including eighteen locomotives, some of which had been rendered useless by the detachment of vital portions of their machinery, though, fortunately, these were afterwards discovered buried near the railway by a search party. Though diminished by the Natal Volunteers, which had meanwhile been allowed to return home, as well as by the Naval Brigade, which he now felt strong enough to send back to Durban, Buller's army—otherwise reinforced by Strathcona's Horse, a magnificent body of some 500 men—made a great impression along its line of march, and many of the Boers surrendered, saying they were "thoroughly tired of the war and convinced of the hopelessness of fighting the British troops." Sir Redvers Buller entered Standerton on the 23rd inst., "there being no demonstration by the townspeople, though they showed the greatest interest in the spectacle," while about the same time Ian Hamilton, coming from Pretoria, occupied Heidelberg, which he reported to be the "most English town I have yet seen, and its inhabitants gave us a great reception, streets being crowded, and fine display of bunting. Captain Vallentin hoisted the Union Jack in the market square, amidst the cheers of the populace, British, Australian, and other Colonial troops. 'God Save the Queen' was sung, the crowd heartily joining. The poor Loyalists have had a rough time of it lately."

Another "Mishap"

At Standerton Buller found that the railway bridge over the Vaal had been blown up. But there also awaited him the still more mortifying discovery that about a week before his arrival there had passed through the place, on their way to Ermelo and Machadodorp, a dejected body of 620 British troops, who had been taken prisoners by the daring and ubiquitous De Wet in the Orange River Colony. Four hundred and sixty of these captives—including Lord Leitrim, Lord Ennismore and the Hon. Victor Gibson—had been contributed by the Irish and Middlesex Yeomanry at Lindley

as the result of an action which was more or less detailed at the time; but the rest of the prisoners, 160 details of the Highland Brigade, had been the victims of an incident of which we had hitherto heard nothing, owing to the interruption of telegraphic communication between Bloemfontein and Pretoria. But it now appears that a supply train of fifty waggons, which had been despatched from Rhenoster to Heilbron for the use of the Highland Brigade, there subsisting on quarter rations, had been surrounded on Whit Monday by an overwhelming force of De Wet's raiders and forced to surrender. Hearing of the convoy's distress, Major Haig, "with 600 details," started from Vredefort Road and was reinforced on his way by Major Haking with 160 mounted infantry, Berkshire Regiment, but this relief column found it impossible to get in touch with the convoy, the mounted men being driven by superior numbers, and consequently it had no alternative but to surrender.

"No Surrender" Bullock

In the neighbourhood of Kroonstad De Wet and his destructive

raiders had been particularly daring, but between that place and Honing Spruit they were taught a severe lesson on the 23rd inst., when they made a bold attack on the railway with about 700 men and three guns. First, they cut off a Canadian outpost, killing two men and wounding five, including an officer, and, not satisfied with this, they then directed their energies against a couple of Shropshire companies and fifty other Canadians, whom they freely shelled with shrapnel, though without much effect, as these troops—imitating the troglodyte tactics of the enemy—had taken the precaution to entrench themselves. This was south of Honing Spruit, and at a point on the railway several miles to the north of this place another body of Boers with a couple of 15-pounders, attacked a train from Pretoria carrying 400 of our troops. Happily, on the heels of these there followed the scratch regiment which had been formed out of our prisoners—officers and men—who had been released at Waterval, and armed with Boer Mausers,



Corporal E. Mabey, of the 2nd Somerset, was wounded at Colenso. He had a bullet in each arm, two bullets in his head, another through one of his thumbs, and a sixth one in his left leg. He lay four weeks in hospital at Mooi River, but is now quite well again and on his way to the front.

A VERY MUCH WOUNDED CORPORAL

under the command of Colonel Bullock, of the Devonshire Regiment—he who had so bravely refused to surrender at Colenso in the donga near the lost guns, and been knocked senseless by the butt of a Boer rifle. Thus this Bullock was a terribly bad man for De Wet now to approach with a white flag and a summons to surrender, a summons which the brave and indomitable Colonel indignantly refused after being exposed for several hours to a heavy concentric shell and rifle fire; and presently his constant valour was rewarded by the arrival of reinforcements hastily despatched from Honing Spruit, before whom the Boers made haste to flee, though not before they had killed and wounded twenty of our men, including the gallant Major Hobbs of the West Yorks Regiment, who had for eight months been a prisoner—such are the tragic vicissitudes of war.

About the same time General Clemens was repulsing another Boer raid which had been made upon his line of march near Winburg, whither he had gone to pick up supplies and some heavy guns preparatory to his acting in combination with the converging columns from Lindley, Heilbron, and Heidelberg—an announcement from Lord Roberts which was his first intimation of the scheme of strategy by which he means to wind up the war in the Orange River Colony, where, for the rest, Free Staters now remaining in the field are now declared to be rebels.

Louis Botha, who was appointed Commandant-General of the Boer Forces on the death of General Joubert, and is now reported to be willing to surrender, is a comparatively young man, being little over forty years of age. He comes of a Natal Dutch family, and speaks English well. He has never worked in harmony with President Kruger, being strongly opposed to the dynamite and other concessions, so there would be little wonder if the two were not in agreement as to continuing the war. Louis Botha, although a member of the Volksraad, very seldom speaks, but when he did speak it was always to raise his voice on behalf of some Progressive measure. He entered the Raad, indeed, as a Progressive after defeating a Krugerite reactionary candidate. As a General he has shown himself both cautious and daring, and, despite all Lord Roberts's successes, Botha has so skilfully manoeuvred his small force that very few prisoners or guns have fallen into the conqueror's hands.



Second Lieutenant W. F. Johnson, Lancashire Fusiliers, was recently promoted from the ranks for service in the field in South Africa. He was educated at St. John's College, Hurstpierpoint. Our portrait is by E. G. Cumbo, Valetta.

SECOND LIEUTENANT W. F. JOHNSON

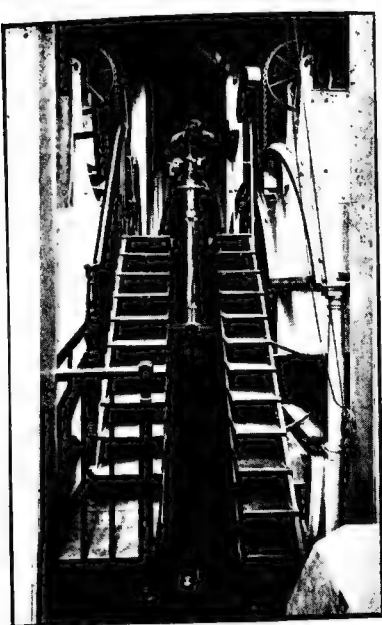


Miss Mary Kingsley, the African traveller, had been nursing Boer prisoners of war, and died from the effects of an operation on Whitsun Day. By her own expressed wish she was buried at sea the next day. The coffin was removed from the main branch at Simonstown, where Miss Kingsley died, and was taken to the Town Pier, the procession being headed by the band of the West Yorks. There the body was placed on Torpedo Boat No. 29, and was taken out beyond Cape Point and committed to the deep. The Rector of Simonstown, as Military Chaplain, officiated. Our photograph is by W. S. Gillard, Simonstown.

THE FUNERAL OF MISS MARY KINGSLEY: THE PROCESSION IN THE MAIN STREET OF SIMONSTOWN

The Royal Observatory, Greenwich

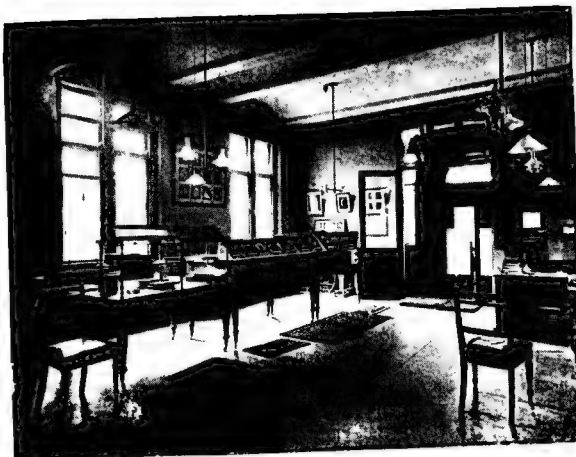
THE annual visitation of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, by the board of visitors is fixed by statute for the first Saturday in the June of each year.



Correcting errors in the transit instrument
THE SPOT FROM WHICH ALL MAPS START

But on May 28, 1900, a total eclipse of the sun took place which was visible in the southern States of North America, in the Peninsula, and in North Africa. It was of very great importance that the Astronomer Royal and several members of his staff should not be debarred from observing the eclipse, and it was also impossible for them to return in time for the first Saturday in June, which this year fell on the second of the month, so the official visitation was by Order of Council postponed until Tuesday, June 26. On that day Mr. E. B. Knobel, the President of the

Royal Astronomical Society, and a company of scientific men, which included Sir David Gill, from the Cape, and the Rajah Jugga Row, Sir William Huggins, Sir George Stokes, Professor George Darwin, and Sir William Abney, visited the Observatory. Among the most interesting objects seen by the visitors were photographs of the solar corona taken by the Astronomer Royal at the recent eclipse, which were exhibited side by side with the similar series taken in India in 1898. Beyond these, the instruments and photographs on view were much as in former years. The Astronomer Royal's report bears record of the usual amount of work done. The immense photograph of the heavens which is being made in co-operation with observatories of other nations is rapidly progressing, and the catalogue of star-places resulting from this is being printed. "Big Ben" at Westminster, is kept right by the Observatory, and the clock was not a second wrong on 143 days, and was only on five occasions wrong by four seconds.



ASTRONOMER ROYAL'S ROOM SHOWING PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE RECENT ECLIPSE



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE ASTRONOMER ROYAL'S ROOM



THE ASTRONOMER ROYAL AND AN INDIAN VISITOR



THE NEW BUILDINGS
THE ANNUAL VISITATION TO THE ROYAL OBSERVATORY,
GREENWICH

The Theatres

By W. MOY THOMAS

SCHILLER'S "WALLENSTEIN" IN BURLINGTON GARDENS

IT is just one hundred years since Coleridge published his translation of Schiller's *Wallenstein*; but though the trilogy known by this title is familiar to German audiences, it was reserved for the Elizabethan Stage Society to give last week in the Lecture Theatre, Burlington Gardens, the first representation of *The Death of Wallenstein* that has been seen upon the English stage. Macready, as appears by an entry in his diary, once went so far as to "look through" Coleridge's version with a view to producing it if he thought it suitable; but he came to the conclusion that it would be a hopeless task to endeavour to bring its vast amount of dialogue within reasonable dimensions. Probably he was influenced by other reasons—by the fact, for example, that the great Bohemian General is not a historical figure that has any particular hold upon the memory or the imaginations of English audiences. It is the prized and chosen function, however, of the Elizabethan Stage Society to lead forlorn hopes, and it must be confessed that they have gone about their task with a considerable amount of courage. Unfortunately their judgment is more questionable. Mr. Poel and his associates, though prodigal in the matter of costumes, have, as is well known, a rooted antipathy to scenic decoration, which they appear to regard as a sort of pandering to feeble imaginations. Hence the tragedy, which is presented in a greatly abbreviated form in order to gain time for some long scenes from *The Piccolomini*, or Second Part of *Wallenstein*, which are introduced by way of prologue, was played by them from beginning to end before nothing more picturesque than a few faded screens. In brief, the play was not enacted, but rather recited by the various personages. I am far from desiring to undervalue the elocutionary art. Skilful reciters, as most people have had opportunities of knowing, are able to hold a powerful sway over both the imagination and the emotions of their auditors; but that is a rare gift, not to be expected in a company which (ladies excepted) is composed of amateurs. Occasional slips deducted, Mr. Poel's associates displayed a fairly adequate command over Coleridge's lines. Many of them, moreover, were distinct in utterance and careful in the matter of emphasis—merits not to be despised. But they were unfortunately not able to bring into relief the subtleties of Schiller's portraiture, or to impress upon the minds of the spectators the position of affairs in *Wallenstein's* camp. More unfortunate still, the beautiful story of the loves of the impulsive Max Piccolomini and the sweet and tender Thekla seemed to have evaporated in the midst of this deluge of declamation.

The Wallace Collection

By M. H. SPIELMANN

WHEN the magnificent generosity of Lady Wallace's bequest was first made known to the public whom she made her heirs, the splendours of the Wallace Collection were described in these pages. But few, even then, could have been prepared for the grandeur of the measure or the beauty of the casket in which it is now presented. Many happy influences have combined to produce this practically perfect result. Three generations of men of taste well applied, of wealth well expended, and of opportunity well seized; the splendid munificence of the lady who inherited and the liberality of her adviser, Sir Murray Scott, who helped to administer; the excellent judgment of the Trustees who have assisted in the arrangement; and the unsurpassed knowledge and artistic sensibility of Mr. Claude Phillips, the keeper, who has disposed the collection to the most brilliant advantage; and, lastly, the excellent arrangement of the superb collection of armour by Mr. Guy Laking, which could not be bettered.

The visitor, therefore, who passes through the galleries of Hertford House will be prepared for a sight which has never before delighted the eyes of a connoisseur of the most refined taste; but even he will admit that the reality surpasses all expectation. Once he has entered and has recovered from the shock of finding the white stone of the grand staircase "painted marble"—the single, though inexcusable blemish in the whole edifice—there is nothing but what will increase his enjoyment to the end. Pictures of nearly every school in oil and water-colour, furniture of grand luxes, arms and armour, European and Oriental, china, enamels, objects of art, snuff-boxes, miniatures, and jewels—all in profusion, all displayed with a richness which, if now a little new, will soon tone down to something richer still, and enshrined in a museum which is rather a town mansion than a gallery, distinguished by quiet elegance and beauty to be found in but few palaces. Some may

criticise details—the pictures may be hung a little high, which was inevitable, considering their number; the ugly tiles of the sculpture gallery might have been stripped off; hangings might be out of place in the upper vestibule. I mention these small points merely to show how slight are the objections that can be taken to a whole which, of amazing value, of vast extent, and incomparable beauty, has been placed before us by the Trustees at a cost small, out of all proportion to the magnificence of the results.

Yet the changes in the old house are not very great after all, and were return possible to the two Marquesses of Hertford and Sir Richard Wallace, they would recognise with pleasure that, whether out of reverence or good taste, the fine reception rooms are almost untouched. The old breakfast-room now contains French and English schools of this century; the housekeeper's room is now the board-room; the billiard-room is devoted to the same use as the breakfast-room; and the beautiful bow-windowed dining-room contains the miniatures and the works of Oudry and Desportes and the great clock from the staircase. The four state rooms to the right now hold the portraits of the Royal personages, French furniture, paintings of the earlier schools, and the collection of Maiolica and Limoges enamels. But beyond this and the smoking, now the sculpture gallery, the ground floor would be unrecognisable, for the great rows of stabling and coach-houses have given way to the four splendid rooms containing the great collection of arms and armour, among which may be seen the two equestrian suits (one of them, it is said, having been a bargain at 20,000*l.*) and the famous Diane de Poitiers shield of Milanese workmanship, rivalled in its quality by no other in the world. Similarly, on the first floor, the charming oval drawing-room remains as it was; it now contains chiefly water-colours, and the other two drawing-rooms display the superb series of Canaletto and Guardi's, the furniture, and jewels. The boudoir contains some of the French eighteenth-century pictures and the study water-colours. But the old Oriental Armoury is now made into the gallery for the Dutch schools of the seventeenth century, and the late owner's bedroom and dressing-rooms, together with the old Armoury, are now exquisitely-shaped galleries filled with the unique collection of French eighteenth-century school—with the masterpieces of Watteau, Lancret, Pater, Boucher, and their school. The great gallery, with improvements, remains the same, while, as far as possible, the decorations, so well adapted to the treasure whose beauties they were designed to heighten, have been retained. And everywhere—against every wall, in every corner, furniture of the most exquisite perfection, and on every mantelpiece, and every table, ornaments and objects of art, masterpieces every one. Nowhere may you see Gouthière and Reisener in greater perfection; hardly at Windsor or in Buckingham Palace is Boule and his school more superbly displayed.

Such is Hertford House as it stands to-day—a Mecca where every artistic soul shall find refreshment and consolation. I do not venture to touch upon the contents, for no summary, to impart an adequate idea, could be more than a catalogue. But the thoughtful visitor as he quits the Gallery will not merely re-echo the cry of triumphant felicitation which has been heard so loud of late, he will also remember the profound gratitude he owes to the men and the woman who have thus dowered the nation—a sentiment to which, it seems to me, far too little utterance has been given.

PEOPLE INTERESTED IN THE PROTECTION OF BIRDS will like to hear that in Arkansas any woman wearing a stuffed bird on her hat or bonnet is liable to a fine of from 5*l.* to 10*l.*

THE NATIONAL FÊTE IN PARIS this year is to be exceptionally grand in honour of the Exhibition. The Municipality intend to spend 20,000*l.* on amusements and illuminations, and to arrange a monster torchlight procession, of which great things are expected. A river pageant is also proposed.

THE JAPANESE FLEET promises soon to be an important factor to be reckoned with in Eastern affairs. The strength of the Navy was shown very forcibly in a recent big review at Kōbe, when the fleet covered a distance of three miles, four lines strong. The Mikado was delighted with the display.

A MEMORIAL CHAPEL to the unfortunate King Louis of Bavaria has been erected on the borders of the Starnberg Lake, where the mad monarch drowned himself and his doctor. It is a beautiful domed building of Byzantine and Roman design, the walls inlaid with rich marbles, and a few frescoes being the only other ornament.

A SCHOOL FOR PROFESSIONAL BEGGARS has been unearthed by the police in New York. Mendicants are systematically taught to make up as cripples, blind men, &c., and are instructed and practised in their characters until they are fit to go out and impose on the public. The head of the academy pays his pupils 4*s.* a day, and gives them all they collect in excess of 16*s.* for the day's earnings.

A Residence for Royal Visitors to Paris

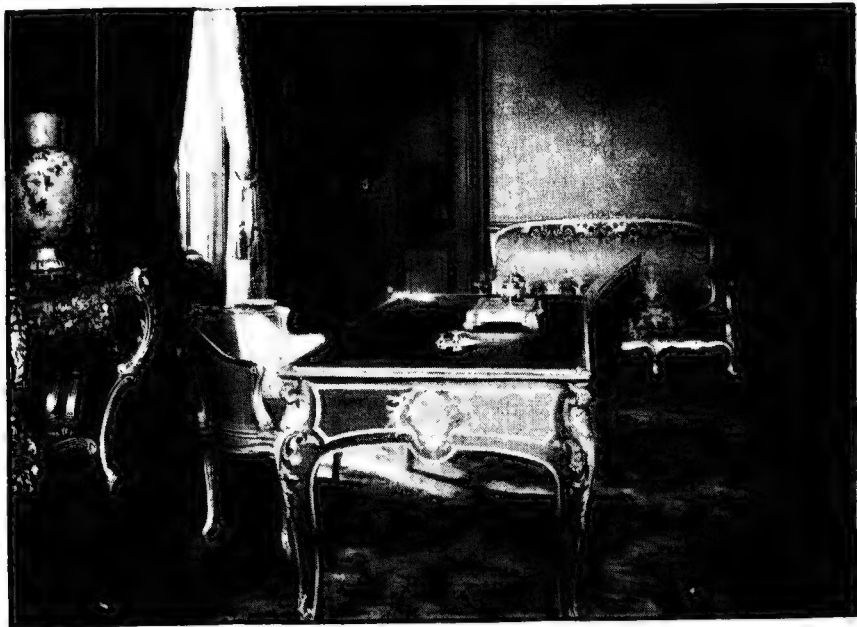
WHEN the Exhibition of 1900 was organised the French Government found itself face to face with a hiatus in the plan. This was a place of residence for foreign Sovereigns. All sorts of schemes were suggested. One was to rebuild the Tuileries. This was naturally strongly supported by the Royalist Press, but received little approval from the Government. There is but little in the way of Spartan simplicity about the Third Republic, but to erect a palace for Kings and Emperors in Paris was too great a concession to the monarchical idea. It was therefore resolved to search for a suitable building among the existing mansions of Paris. After passing a large number of buildings in review the choice finally fell on the hotel of the late Dr. Evans, the dentist of Napoleon III. The late Dr. Evans had amassed millions, and his residence was celebrated, even in a city which contains so many magnificent private hotels as Paris. The French Government rented it for the six months of the Exhibition for a rent of 200,000 francs, and with

covered with crimson silk panels framed in white wood. The furniture is of the Louis XV. period, gilded and covered with crimson silk. The ceilings are painted by Journier. All over the rooms are pieces of furniture of priceless value, each one a *chef-d'œuvre*. The illumination is furnished by electricity. There are 124 lamps on the ground floor, sixty-four on the first and thirty-four on the second. The King's sitting-room, which leads off the reception-room, is hung with green brocade, the gilded Louis XV. chairs being covered with the same material. The largest panel, above the monumental fireplace, is decorated with a magnificent Gobelin's tapestry, "La Greffe," which forms part of the series "Les Champs," executed after the cartoons of Raphael about the end of the seventeenth century. The dining-room is hung in rose-coloured brocade. It is decorated with one of the famous Gobelin's panels of the set known as the "Maisons royales," by Le Brun. It is from the Château of Pau, and represents the old Château of Saint Germain. The smoking-room has the floor laid in mosaic, and is furnished in Oriental fashion, and decorated with two large Beauvais tapestries of the eighteenth century by J. P. Leprince. The Royal bed-chambers are hung in blue silk embroidered with flowers, and contain magnificent Aubusson carpets. The large beds

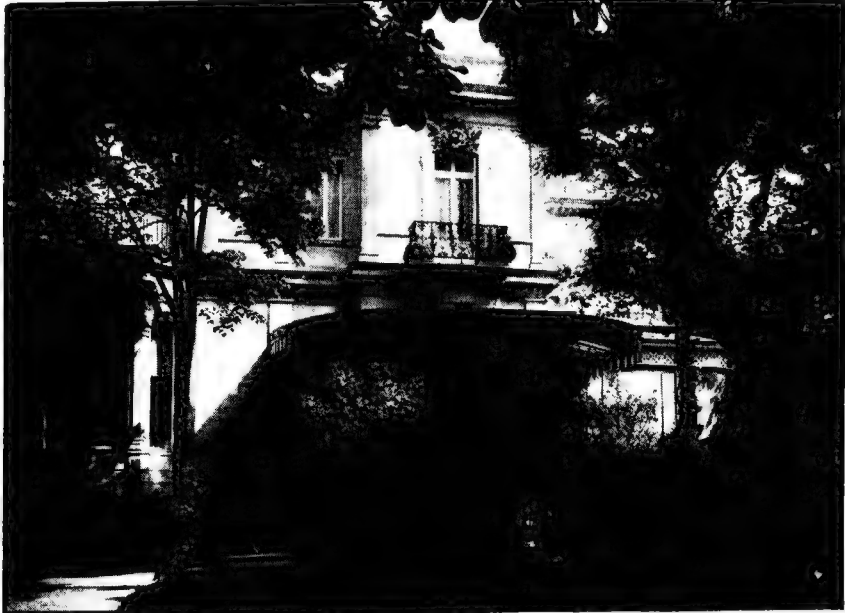
travelling amongst the Indian tribes of Central America, all of which are vividly described and make capital reading. Grown men, whether they be lovers of adventure, or students of ethnology or natural history, will find the volume a storehouse of new and valuable facts concerning a country and its people of which little known at the present day.

Mr. Bell's boyhood was spent at Blewfields, a small town on the Mosquito Coast, on the western shore of the Caribbean Sea. His earliest recollections are those of bathing and sailing toy boats in the lagoon, with the Mosquito King and numberless coloured children as his companions. Of white people, outside his immediate family, he saw but few. The population of the town was composed entirely of negroes, mulattoes, and quadroons. Obsequies and negro wakes were practised in the regular African fashion. The author, when quite a child, was smuggled into one of these wakes beneath the skirts of an old negro woman, but, as the rites were carried on in an unknown tongue, he remembers little of what happened beyond the fact that he was terribly frightened.

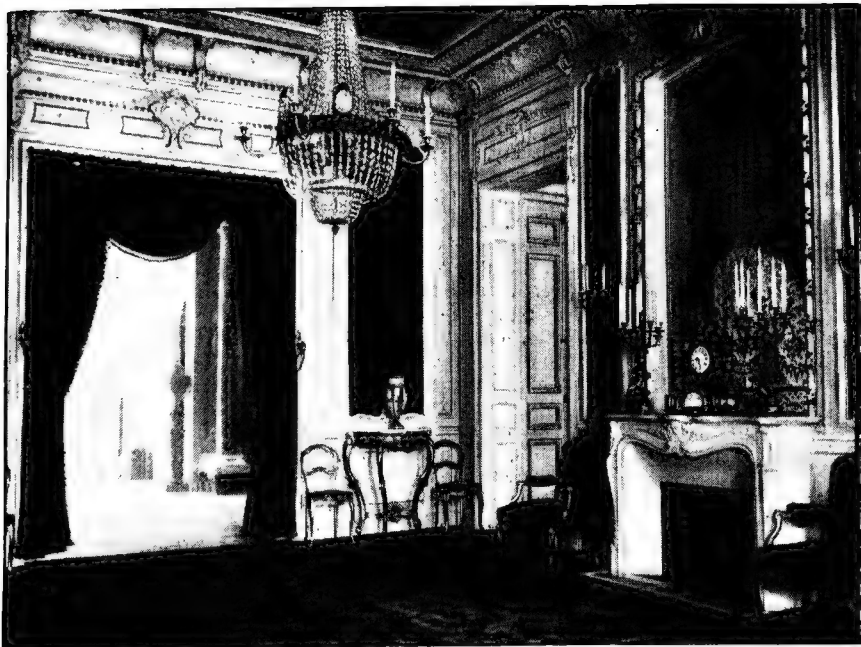
Much of the boy's time was taken up in fishing and hunting, and many are the tales he has to tell of the curious native methods of



THE ROYAL STUDY



THE GARDEN ENTRANCE



THE GRAND SALON ON THE GROUND FLOOR



THE BEDROOM, WITH NAPOLEON'S BED BROUGHT FROM FONTAINEBLEAU

THE RECEPTION OF FOREIGN SOVEREIGNS: THE HOTEL EVANS IN PARIS

the right to make certain changes necessitated by its new destiny. A building had to be constructed in the garden for the accommodation of the Royal suite, the officers and men forming the guard of honour, extra stabling arranged for, &c. The furnishing of the hotel was entrusted to the "Garde Meuble," the national furniture repository of the French nation, which contains thousands of priceless treasures. The Minister of Fine Arts put his best decorators and upholsterers at the disposal of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and in a few weeks the former Hotel Evans was transformed into a residence in every way "worthy of a king." The residence is not one that can be compared with a palace in point of size, but it has sufficient accommodation for the use to which it is put. On the ground floor is a magnificent vestibule in coloured marble. Right and left are the principal rooms; on the right the room of the aides-de-camp and the sitting-room of the Sovereign, on the left the dining-room and smoking-room and the immense reception-rooms which look on the Bois de Boulogne. On the first floor are the smaller apartments, which include a large and a smaller drawing-room, the King's bedroom, the Queen's bedroom, two other large bedrooms and the bathroom. On the second floor are the rooms of the officers attached to the person of the Sovereign. The other members of the suite, as we have said, are lodged in a house in the garden. The two reception-rooms on the ground floor have been decorated in the fashion. The walls are

are in gilded wood. The gardeners of the city of Paris have transformed the garden into a little park, marvellously laid out, and behind the dining-room is a magnificent winter garden. There is no doubt that the guests of the Republic are royally lodged. Our illustrations are from photographs by Léon Bouët, Paris.

Among Gentle Savages*

"If," says Mr. Napier Bell, in his preface, "I had written this book while I was a boy, it would have been a book for boys; but it will be perceived by readers that it partakes of the nature of both a boy's and a grown man's book." No remarks of ours could give a better idea of what style of work this is than the author's own words; we need only add that to the young it will prove fully as exciting as most volumes that are written for their especial benefit, and it has the advantage over them of being true. The author met with many adventures in his young days, fights with alligators, voyages in cranky canoes, encounters with Spaniards, besides many exciting experiences when on hunting and fishing expeditions, or

"Tangweera: Life and Adventures Among Gentle Savages." By C. Napier Bell, M. In-t. C.E. (Arnold.)

trapping and killing game. One way of catching fish, although it is hardly likely to commend itself to our piscatorial societies, is worth noting, even if only for its simplicity. The Indian figtree grows, as a rule, overhanging the water, and the fruit, when ripe, drops in great numbers into the stream below, and is immediately eaten by the fish. The natives, at this season of the year, collect the windfalls and use them as bait. "This style of fishing may appear eccentric," says the writer, "but it is precisely adapted to the requirements of the case. Taking an unripe fig, he fixes it firmly on his hook, and with it flogs the water slowly, like a coachman touching up his horses. The fish, accustomed to hear the sound of the figs falling from a height, and also to scramble for the prize, dart forward and swallow the bait with the least possible delay."

Mr. Bell discourses learnedly and interestingly on the habits and customs of the few Indian tribes that still exist in Central America. "The only miseries these people have to endure," he writes, "arise from their contact with civilisation, which is slowly exterminating them. Even after 200 years of contact with the most debauched and vicious of Europeans, the Mosquito Indians still preserve much of their original frank, honest, courageous and open-hearted nature." Mr. Bell is an ardent naturalist, and his picturesque descriptions of the flora and fauna of the Mosquito Coast will appeal to all those who are interested in that branch of science.



FROM A SKETCH BY H. S. BURNSTON, R.N.

This race generally forms part of the Fleet Regatta. The copper punts, used for painting, are rigged to represent full-rigged ships, correct in all details. They are manned by men in all varieties of costumes

THE MODEL WARSHIP RACE: AN EVENT IN THE MEDITERRANEAN FLEET REGATTA

DRAWN BY J. NASH, R.I.

The Central London Railway

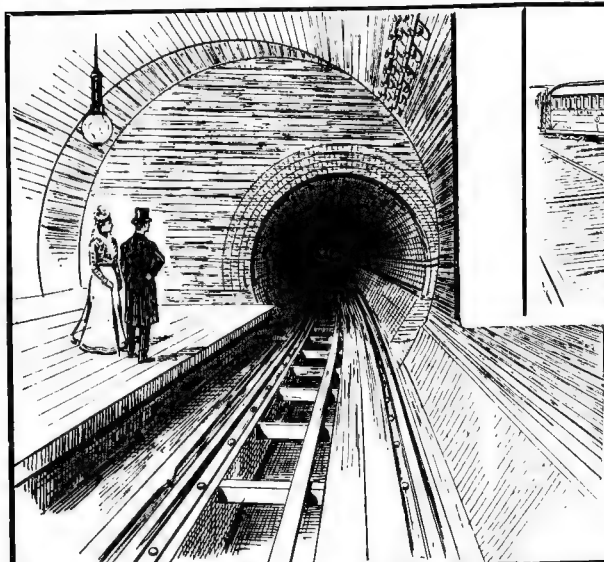
It was said that when in the last great Chinese War Peking was taken, the villages twenty miles away were unaware of it, so vast and so undisturbed by external affairs is the population of China. Something of the same unconcern is sometimes visible in London, and the Central London Electric Railway is an example of it. Here, for some years, if not under our very noses, at any rate under our very feet, a great new thoroughfare, which will affect the comfort of thousands of people daily, has been in construction, and yet not one Londoner in a hundred has taken more than a remote interest in it. Lest anyone should imagine that the importance of such a new thoroughfare is exaggerated we may mention that the Metropolitan and District Railways carried last year 150,000,000 passengers, or nearly half a million every week-day. The passengers which this new railway will carry are expected to reach a figure of forty millions in the year, and putting it at a much lower estimate than that we may safely say that half a million Londoners a week will use it. Certainly, therefore, one would expect that Londoners would take as much interest in it as, let us say, the match between Yorkshire and Surrey. The line which the Prince of Wales opened formally on Wednesday

constriction of space, they have been inclined one upwards and one downwards until the tunnels run for a little distance one on top of the other. The tunnels are in reality cast-iron pipes, of a diameter which is not quite as great as the height of an ordinary room—11 feet 6 inches is the actual dimensions—and these pipes have been built up in hoop-like segments. Generally speaking, these hoops have been pushed on, one upon the other, behind an excavating Greathead shield, which is a sort of monstrous cheese scoop with a protecting plate at its cutting face. The butt end of a champagne bottle gives a still better idea of the Greathead shield's general principle and construction. The soil through which these great pipes have been thrust has been almost without exception clay. They run at varying depths, but some general idea of the depth may be gathered from the fact that the Bank Station lies sixty feet, Oxford Circus eighty feet, and Notting Hill ninety-two feet below the street pavement. After leaving the stations the tunnel runs down at a gradient of 1 in 30 for a distance of about 300 ft., while the gradient in approaching is 1 in 60 for about 600 ft. This puts the stations about ten feet higher than the main length of line. The greatest distance between stations is 1,288 yards, from Marble Arch to Westbourne

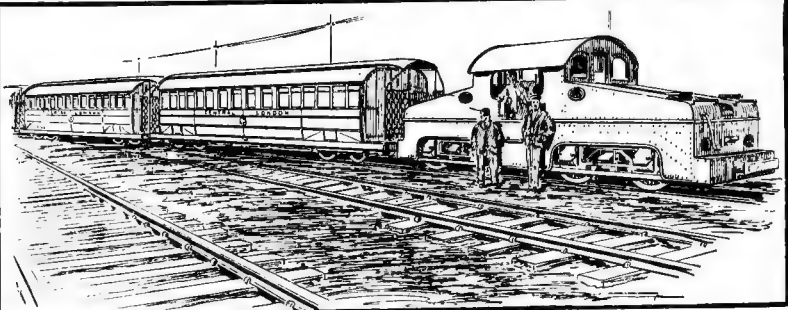
only had he to explain the latest settlement with the delegates; he had to show that whilst it differed from the earlier one it resembled it inasmuch as it still left both parties to the bargain fully satisfied, assured that each had got everything he wanted. Never since bargaining began was there such a happy conclusion of prolonged controversy.

Lord Salisbury is in daily attendance at the House of Lords, and occasionally makes two speeches at a single sitting. A drawback to the pleasure here promised is that much of what he says is inaudible in the galleries. He is one of a dozen Peers to whom, when he pleases, the faulty acoustics of the gilded chamber have no terrors. His voice is in proportion to his bulky form, and when he pleases to uplift it he is heard with ease. Of late, whether due to sultry weather varied by hailstorms or to other causes, he has acquired a habit of murmuring his messages into his own waistcoat. It is absolutely impossible for any one man, however skilful, to report him. What follows when he sits down is that the reporters hold a conference, to which each man who has been endeavouring to take a note contributes a few words, and so the sentences are patched up. This is a pity, since Lord Salisbury is a master of the art of sentence-making, and the world would

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SECTIONAL VIEW OF A TUNNEL

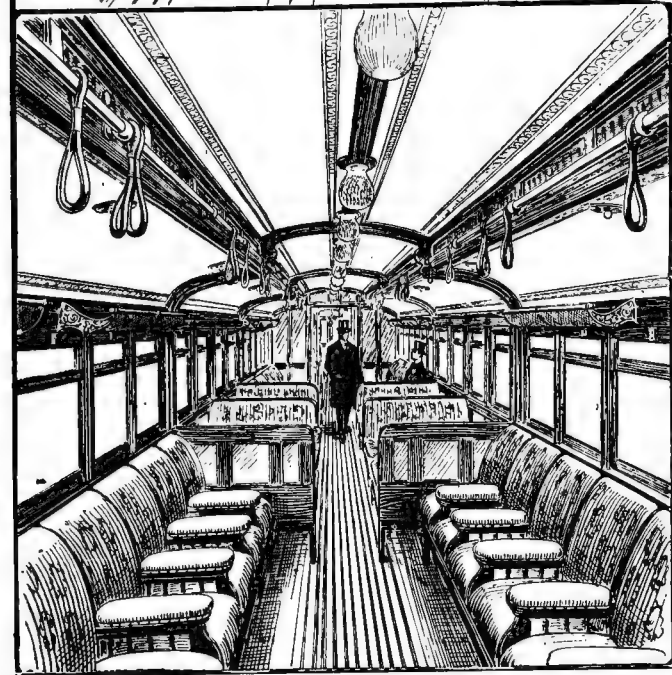


Park, and the least 642 yards, from Davies Street to Marble Arch. The stations themselves consist, roughly speaking, of larger tubes than the tunnels, tubes 21 ft. 6 in. in diameter. There are really two stations at each stopping place, one for the up and one for the down line. These are connected by cross tunnels, reached by staircases and lifts. They are of considerable size, the platform being more than a hundred yards in length. The system on which the locomotives will run is the three-line system, motive power being supplied on the third, or conductor, rail from generating stations on the route. The third, or conductor, rail will be of steel supported on wood insulators. These rails, on both up and down lines, will be divided into four sections, and interconnected by circuit breakers. The current will be derived from six powerful generators. The trains will be made up of seven carriages, to hold in all 336 passengers, and weighing 105 tons. The locomotives, to convert the electric power, are mounted on a couple of trucks, each of which will carry two motors. The total weight of each locomotive is 45 tons, and its length 29 feet. The trains will run at a good speed, the time limit being fixed at fourteen miles an hour including stoppages. The distance from Shepherd's Bush to the Bank will be traversed in twenty five minutes.

rather have what he actually said than what the most intelligent committee of hearers think he may have uttered.

On Monday night the Marquess distinguished himself in a new way. It will be remembered, for the Lord Chancellor petulantly gave the incident prominence, how on a certain occasion he moved the adjournment of the House just when it was approaching the public business set down for the particular sitting. On Monday he struck an average by persistently abstaining from moving the adjournment. On the earlier occasion the lapse arose consequent on his falling a victim to the conversational charm of the Lord Chancellor. Seated by him on the Woolsack when the fingers of the clock pointed to half-past four, the hour for the commencement of public business, the Premier, hastily recalled to the necessity of doing something, trotted off to the table, amazed the Peers and confounded the clerks by moving the adjournment.

It was Lord Kimberley who, on Monday, undesignedly led him into a pitfall. He had crossed over from the Front Opposition Bench and seated himself next the Prime Minister, engaging him in lively conversation. Whilst it proceeded business on the agenda was concluded, and it was the duty of the Leader of the House formally to move the adjournment. Oblivious of his surroundings Lord Salisbury went on talking to Lord Kimberley, anxiously



INTERIOR OF A CARRIAGE



ROUTE MAP OF THE RAILWAY

THE OPENING OF THE CENTRAL LONDON RAILWAY

is the first one of the three lines the construction of which was determined upon at the same time; the other two are the Charing Cross to Hampstead, via Euston, and the Waterloo to Baker Street. The route taken by the Central London is that of London's biggest, straightest thoroughfare, for it runs from the Mansion House to Newgate Street, and from Newgate Street, along the great western road of Holborn, Oxford Street, Bayswater Road and Uxbridge Road to Shepherd's Bush. Inclusive of the Mansion House Stations there will be thirteen stations; the eleven intermediate ones being Post Office, Chancery Lane, British Museum, Tottenham Court Road, Oxford Circus, Davies Street, Marble Arch, Westbourne Park, Queen's Road, Notting Hill Gate, and Holland Park. Some time another station will be added, for it is hoped that the line may be extended from the Bank to Liverpool Street, there to join the Great Eastern system. The full length of railway over which electric traction will be provided will be about six and a half miles.

In its chief feature, this new railway closely resembles its predecessors, the City and South London and the Waterloo and City Railways. Its track is laid in two tunnels, one for the eastward and one for the westward traffic. Generally speaking, these two tunnels run parallel to one another; but in places, owing to the

The Week in Parliament

By H. W. LUCY

THE Australia Commonwealth Bill has reached the House of Lords, and in the prompt fashion with which that august body deals with business, it will probably have passed its final stage before the week closes. Mr. Chamberlain has left nothing to be said in favour of the measure, and there is no one desirous of taking on himself the responsibility of opposing a scheme the Colonies clamour for. It was, by the way, a noteworthy thing that Mr. Chamberlain conducted the final stages of the Bill through the Commons without the assistance of a single note. He does not at any time overburden himself with manuscript. A born debater, he is at his best when obeying sudden necessity for explaining some knotty point or defending a difficult corner.

When setting before the House on Committee stage the final adjustment of a difficult point he might have been excused had he provided himself with a few notes. He had absolutely none, and never once faltered through the delivery of a pretty long speech explaining and defending an exceedingly delicate position. Not

regarded from the Woolsack by the Lord Chancellor. There was an awkward pause that seemed interminable. At length the Duke of Devonshire, egged on by colleagues seated lower down the Bench, broke in on the conversation, and Lord Salisbury, jumping up, moved the adjournment. In the Commons, where the weakest joke is welcomed, this little scene would have been accompanied by peals of laughter. Noble lords decorously smiled and made their way out.

The Commons have been pegging away, forwarding business in a fashion that seems to make it difficult to carry out the avowed intention of Ministers to prolong the Session at least into the first week in August. Like all other work Supply is well ahead. In a single sitting over forty million sterling was voted without a single division. On Monday, the Commonwealth Bill having leaped through two final stages, the Housing of the Working Classes Bill passed Committee. On the next day two important measures—the Companies Bill and the Money Lending Bill—got their second reading, and may be regarded as surely destined for addition to the Statute Book.

These are signs of the state of lethargy in which the House is steeped. The only approach to active interest is marked at question time. Nothing is now heard in the way of question and answer about the war in South Africa. The outbreak in China fills the field. Mr. Brodrick, nightly questioned, habitually confesses that the Foreign Office has no information. But news coming from what the Under Secretary described as private and credible sources on Tuesday went far towards relieving the profound anxiety.

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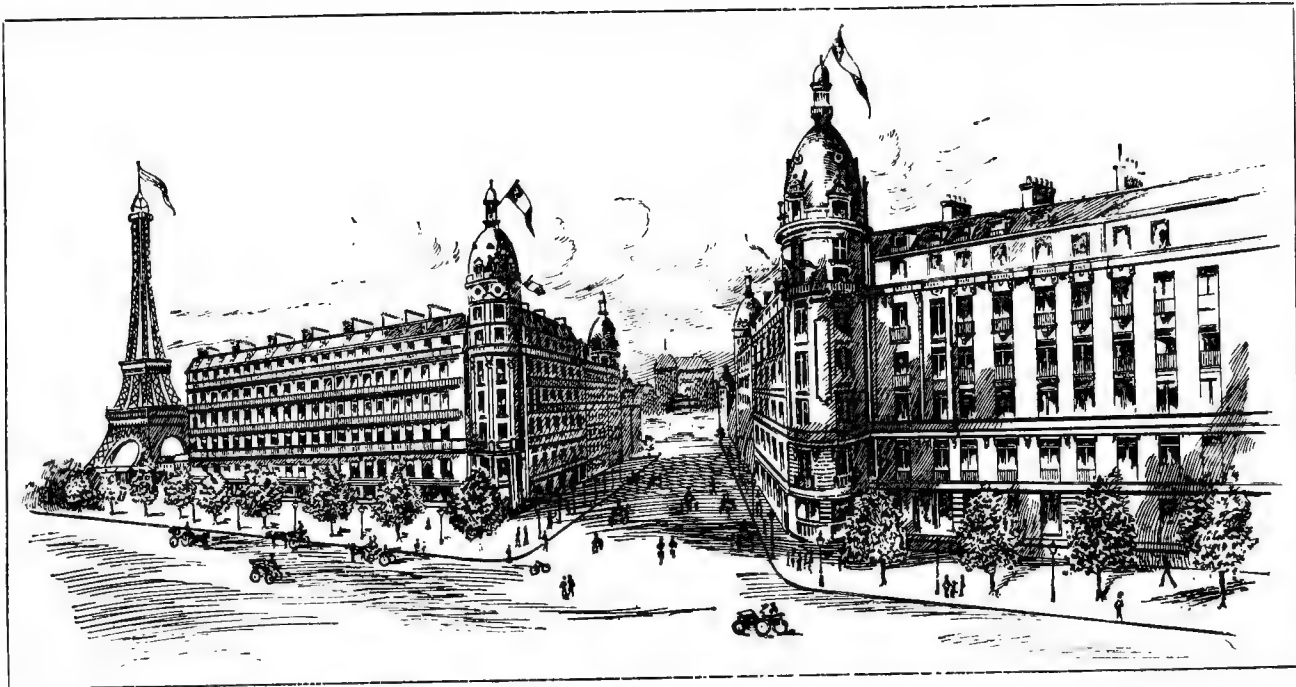
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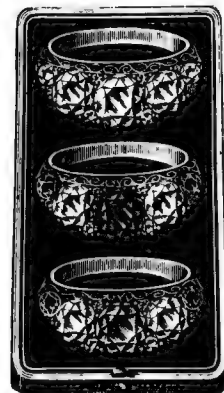
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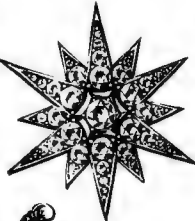
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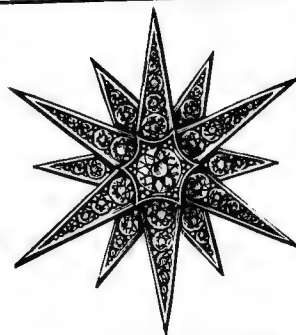
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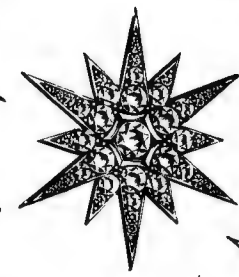
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New Diamond Star Brooch, Pendant, or Hair Ornament, £5. Choice whole Pearl Bead Necklace for above, £5 5s. A variety of Larger Size Stars in Stock.

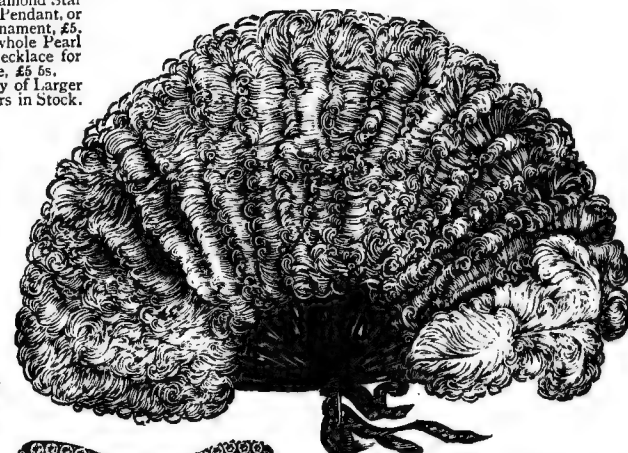


These Five Stars, mounted as Tiara, £60, or sold separately at £17 15s., £13 15s., and £8 17s. 6d. Larger Sizes in Stock.

New Moon Brooch, containing 25 choice White Brilliants, £21. Smaller Size, £15 10s. Same Brooch in Rose Diamonds, £10 10s. and £7 7s.



Sizes New Moon in Stock.



Ostrich Feather Fan, 15 inches long. Black on Shell, £3 3s. 2nd quality, £2 2s. White on Pearl, £5 5s. " " £4 4s. Natural on Shell £4 4s. " " £3 10s. Superior Fans up to £9 9s. kept in Stock. Marabout Mouchet Fans, £7 15s., £11 15s., £14 14s.



New Tie Brooch, containing 44 Diamonds, £5 5s.

£10 10s. REWARD

The Makers of CHOCOLAT SUCHARD having produced another High-class Chocolate Speciality, about to be placed on the Market, wish to give it a distinctive Name, and offer the above Reward for the best suggestion of a Fancy Name applicable to a Chocolate Speciality.

Offers, naming *The Graphic*, to be addressed to CHOCOLAT SUCHARD, 33, King William Street, London, E.C., before the 15th July next.

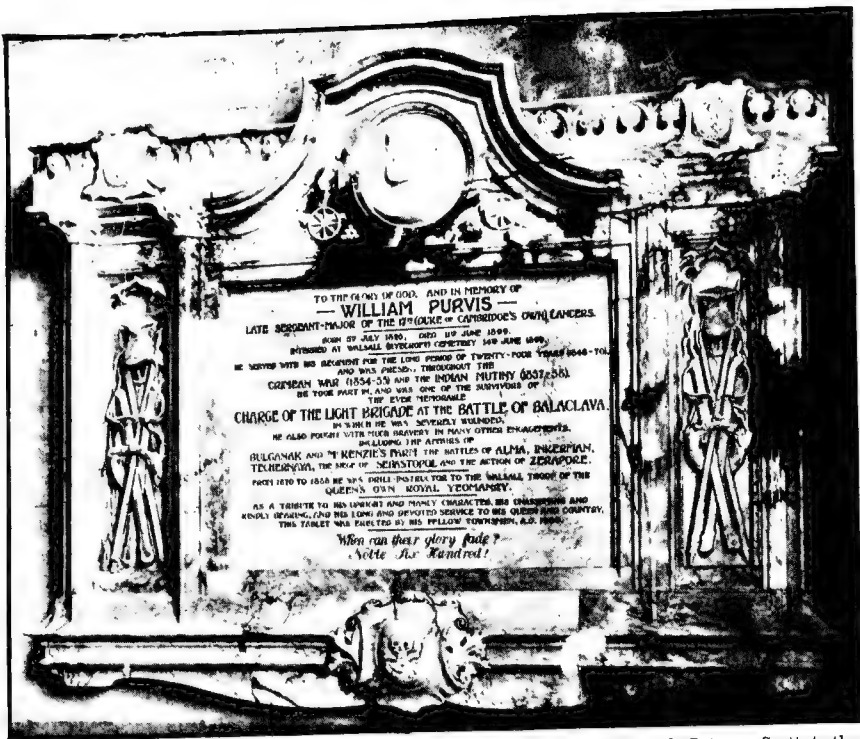
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A memorial tablet was recently unveiled in St. Matthew's Church, Walsall, by Lady Bateman Scott, to the memory of Sergeant-Major Purvis. The tablet is principally of coloured alabaster finely polished, with the inscription on a Sicilian marble slab and a portrait medallion of the late sergeant-major in white Italian alabaster. He was one of the gallant survivors of the Charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava, and also fought in the battles of Alma, Inkerman, Teichernaya, the siege of Sebastopol, and the action of Zerpore. He was afterwards Drill Instructor for many years to the Walsall Troop of the Queen's Own Royal Yeomanry. The tablet, which has been erected by his fellow townsman, was designed and sculptured by Messrs. Jones and Willis, of Birmingham and London. Our photograph is by Thomas Lewis, Birmingham.

A MEMORIAL TO ONE OF THE SIX HUNDRED

"Place aux Dames"

BY LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

PRESIDENT KRUGER is said to show a great predilection for his garden. He loves geraniums, calceolarias and other bright-coloured flowers, but above all phlox of the most brilliant hue. The plant is certainly a most brilliant and decorative one. I remember it in my youth blossoming in all the old Scotch gardens, among groups of rose bushes of the moss rose and old-fashioned variety. In England, however, until a few years ago, the phlox was neglected. Now, on the contrary, the most beautiful specimens may be seen, pink, purple, and of all different shades. The moss rose, however, sweet and lovely as it is, seems to have fallen in disfavour.

During the past long winter one could not help wishing that the

bone, aping the fal-lals and chiffons of ladies of fashion, dressed in cheap materials, which wear but a short time, and even in their heyday only look cheap, sham, and tawdry.

Now that summer holiday tours occupy men's minds, it is interesting to note the advice given to travellers on pilgrimages in an old guide books of three hundred years ago. The advice is as useful as if it were offered to-day. The writer says:—"Choose you a chamber as nigh the middles of the ship as ye may, for there is the least rolling or tumbling to keep your brain or stomach in temper. See likewise at the hostelry that the said patron give you every day hot mete twyse at two meles, the forenoon at dinner and the afternoon at supper, and that the wine that ye shall drinke be good, and the water fresh and not stinking. And also the byscute." Then, as to provisions, the wise friend advises to buy "confections, comfortatives, grene ginger, almonds, rice, figs, raisins grete and small, which shall do you great ease by the way; also cloves and mace

working classes still retained national dress, women especially. The long, dragging, dirty skirts, the muddy shoes, the untidy petticoats, bringing dirt and disease into their homes, could so easily be obviated by the simple, common-sense dress of peasants. Scotch girls, in their short winsy skirt, thick woollen stockings, and sensible shoes, or the Swiss and Norwegian women in their picturesque costume, look well. The latter especially looks piquant with the white underbodice, the thick woollen petticoats, so ample that they resemble Ballerine's skirts, and the small shoes over the thick knitted stockings. These stockings are knitted by the women themselves, often in the most elaborate stitches, sometimes even padded at the back to increase the size of the calf. The two gowns, worn one over the other, are of thick, substantial stuff, and prettily trimmed with coloured braid. The under-skirt is of white woollen, and serves as a working garment when the upper one is put off. The dress when new costs five pounds, and a wealthy bride possesses three. In addition there are the silver buttons, links, and necklaces, without which no self-respecting woman would appear, and the beautiful gold wedding crown handed down from mother to daughter. Compare with this our modern London woman, a slattern to the backbone,

not a few, as ye thynke need also take with you a lytell cauldren, a frying-pan, dishes, saucers, cuppes of glasse, a grater for bread and such necessaries." These directions applied to the days when Kings and great people, and even the dignitaries of the Church, travelled with furniture, beds, tapestries, and large quantities of plate, but the poor pilgrim took little or nothing with him.

No woman of the town classes, no servant girl apparently, can sow, darn or mend nowadays. Mistresses of houses are sadly realising this. The family linen goes into holes, stockings show large rents, buttons and hooks come off. New clothes must be marked, or if marked are untidily printed with initials in ink, the surest sign of an ill-regulated and careless household. To remedy these ills, in the case of overworked mothers of families, or bachelors without womankind, a guild of lady-workers has been formed, entitled the "Menderies." These ladies undertake renovations of all kinds—mending, sewing—and will go out by the day to assist those who do not keep permanent maids. Thus, while the convenience of the arrangement is indisputable, the incompetency of ladies and servants will be still further encouraged.

The Ladies' Kennel Association is growing in importance and interest. This year prizes are many and valuable. A model fox-terrier in diamonds, gold and silver cups, and bracelets are offered to the lucky winners. The show of actresses' dogs is always amusing, as is that of the children's pet dogs, while the real connoisseur takes the keenest delight in the competition for the best bred and most beautiful of animals. Even the dogs themselves, I believe, understand something of what is going on, and show a proper pride in themselves and their well-groomed coats.

A Memory of the Crimean War

OUR illustration represents one of the tins made to contain chocolate, and intended for use by the British Army during the Crimean War. The tin, which is now deposited in the Museum of the Launceston Historical Society, was manufactured by Messrs. J. S. Fry and Sons, Limited, Bristol, who were the designers of the box to contain chocolate recently supplied to Her Majesty's troops in South Africa.



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Rural Notes

THE SEASON

THE unsettled weather of the last ten days will make records for June very conflicting and difficult to reconcile. There was .65 of an inch fell on the 21st in a suburb five miles west of Charing Cross, while only .27 of an inch fell at Charing Cross itself. There was twice as much rain at Eastbourne as at Brighton, and while at some places in Kent rain fell for fourteen consecutive hours—though at the slow rate of .05 per hour—in many districts north of London no rain fell at all. The heat which caused such sad trouble at Aldershot on June 11 and 12 is now found to have been very extraordinary; at certain stations 155 deg. *in vacuo* of solar heat was recorded. There are no observations made from field forces, but it is not impossible to devise a case of handy meteorological instruments which an army doctor might carry. Heat waves are not phrases but facts, and the officers who have been so severely censured probably failed only where we all of us failed, viz., in immediate perception of degrees of heat above or below a certain level. Everyone knows whether it is 40 deg. or 60 deg. in the open, but close observers are often unable to answer offhand if the frost in winter is 20 deg. or zero, or if the solar heat in summer is 110 deg. or 130 deg. Whenever a very high or low temperature is involved the wind and the moisture in the air become factors of quite enormous relative importance.

THE RISE IN CORN

The action of the corn markets is like nothing so much as that of the light on a picture frame. We look towards the frame and it is a quiet, cold brown, the next glance and a three-inch change in the position of the head has converted the sombre

hue into a veritable blaze of gold. Events which influence the market "keep happening" without prices moving at all, until at last one almost unperceived additional event occurs and an entire quotation list is peremptorily revised. The backward state of the growing wheat in Great Britain, France and America had attracted little market attention in May last, when the wheat-ears that some farmer is always expected to show in the first market in June were not forthcoming till the 11th inst., the exact home position began to be weighed. Then the French Government announced that the crop in that country would probably be six milligrammes smaller than that of last year, and, on the 19th, American cables revealed a state of the spring wheat forty per cent. inferior to the average. The markets, previously lethargic, now gave a sudden start. On the 22nd London raised the price of good flour 3s. per sack, and, on the 25th, wheat advanced 4s. per quarter for English and 5s. for American. In the wake of these staples there is a smaller but not unimportant rise in the price of oats, maize, feeding barley, and meal.

FRUIT

The cherry sales in Kent have resulted in average prices, 30s. an acre for the orchards near Canterbury and 35s. for the special orchards near Sittingbourne. The famous Lynstead cherry estate was sold—the right to the year's fruit thereon, that is to say—for 1,608s. against 1,230s. last year. But the majority of farmers have not done much better than in 1899, though very few have done worse. The railway service is detestable, and an effort from 1901 will be made to revive the service of hoys; by water fruit came to London for six centuries, and the steam hoy does not seem unlikely to replace the dear and unreliable rail. The orchards of the West of England are likely to yield well of plums, pears and apples, but the peaches, nectarines and apricots, where grown in the open (which is the only way to the finest flavour), were injured by the severe frosts at the end of March. Strawberries in Surrey, West Kent and Essex are a big crop, but want more sun; flavour is poor. Bush fruit should yield rather well, but the later varieties in all

cases will do better than the earlier, a sad limitation of profit, as the London restaurants only pay fancy prices for the earlier sorts of "real English grown."

Watches for the Men of H.M.S. "Powerful"

EACH of the officers and men of H.M.S. *Powerful* was presented with a silver watch the day before the ship was paid off. The presentation was made by the Mayor of Portsmouth. The cases of the watches are plain silver full hunters, very close fitting so as to be damp-proof, the front cover engraved with the name of the recipient and his rating on board ship. The movement has a special escapement to withstand vibration and change of temperature. Instead of steel they have gold hands to prevent damage from damp. The watches were designed and made by Messrs. Samuel Smith and Son, Limited.



TRY IT IN YOUR BATH.

SCRUBB'S CLOUDY FLUID AMMONIA

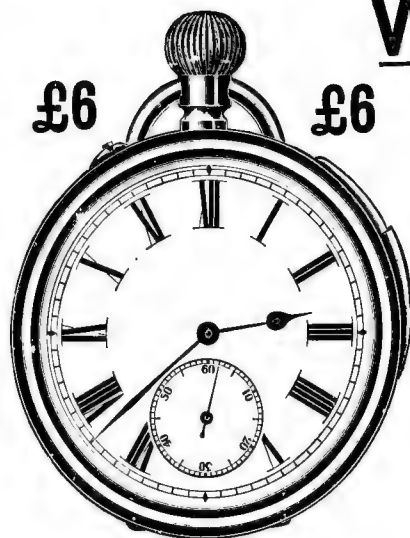
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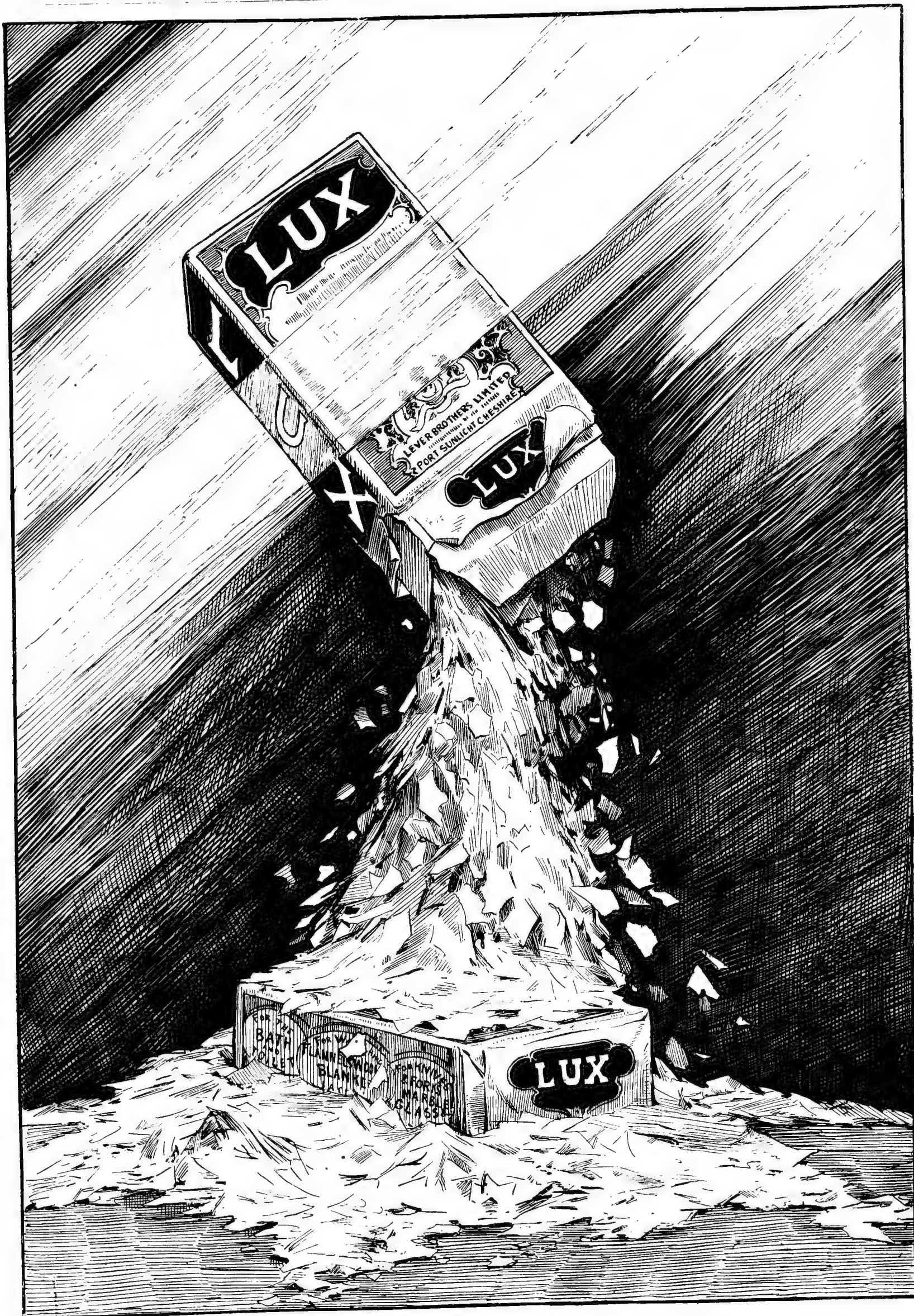
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Books of Reference

THE new edition of the "Royal Blue Book" (Kelly's Directories, Limited) makes the 157th issue of this useful book. To those who have not access to the large Post Office Directory, the volume is very valuable as a directory to the residential part of the West End. A similar work is the "Royal Red Book" (A. Webster and Co.), the 104th edition of which is just published. The book is corrected and brought up to date for publication in May. "The Cyclist's Touring Club Guide, Foreign Edition," compiled and published by E. R. Shipton, *C.T.C. Gazette*, contains lists of hotels, inns, and restaurants, with special tariffs for members of the Club, lists of Consuls and repairers. In glancing through the "Guide" one is struck with the greatly increased facilities now afforded to cyclists desiring to tour abroad. Another

book which is meant to assist the cyclist touring on the Continent is "The Practical Pocket French Interpreter, and Student, Tourist and Cyclist's Guide to France" (W. and A. Keith Johnston). "Rhodes's Steamship Guide" (George Philip and Son), edited by Thomas Rhodes, contains a gazetteer of ports, giving references to the lines whose steamers touch at them; a list of lines with their fleets, sailings, and routes, and a directory of mail steamers. "The Live Stock Journal Almanac" (Vinton and Co.) contains, besides much information useful to country gentlemen, farmers, and breeders, a number of illustrated articles by Sir Walter Gilbey and other experts.—We have also received "Dunsford's Stock Exchange Handbook" (Follett Dunsford), which is published for the eleventh year; the "Licensed Victuallers' Year Book," now published for the twenty-eighth year, which should prove to be a useful handbook to sportsmen (*Licensed Victuallers' Gazette*); the new edition of the "A B C Guide to London," with enlarged

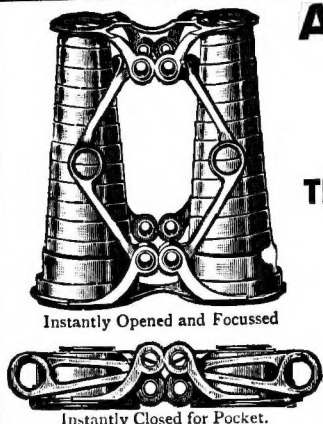
pictorial plan and sixteen maps; a good plan of "West London," by Mr. J. Bartholomew, published by W. H. Smith and Son; two more of Bartholomew's reduced ordnance survey maps, Bath and Bristol, and Cumberland. The "London University Guide for 1899-1900" (University Correspondence College Press), and the Calendar of "University College of North Wales for 1899-1900" (J. E. Cornish, Manchester); Cassell's "Illustrated Guide to Paris" (Cassell); "America Abroad: Hints for American Travellers," by J. W. Cundall (8 and 9, Essex Street, Strand), the tenth edition of which is just issued; "Mathieson's Handbook for Investors" (F. C. Mathieson and Sons); "Surrey's Capital: A Guide to Guildford," "Homeland Handbook Series" (St. Bride's Press); "Conty's Guide to Paris" and "Conty's Paris to Nice," which are cheap and compact; "Summer Tours in Scotland by David Macbrayne's Royal Mail Steamers," and "Cassell's Pocket Gardener" (Cassell).

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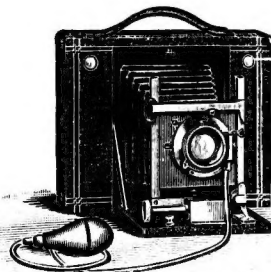
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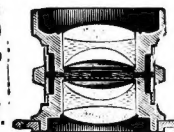


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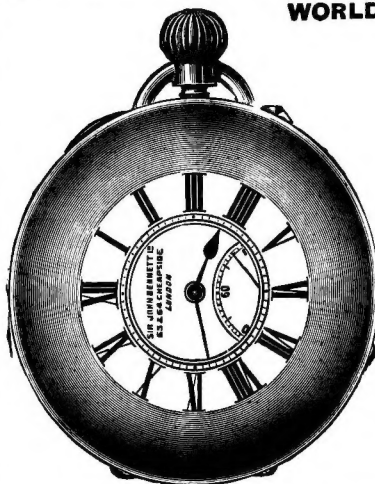
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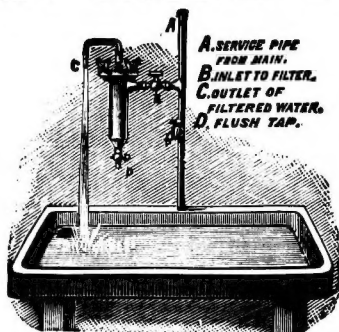
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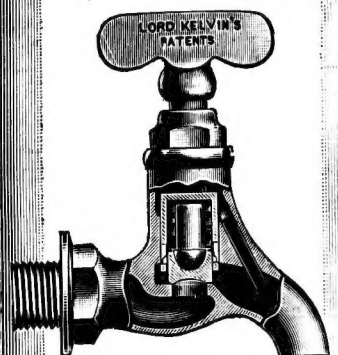
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